

# ZION'S HERALD

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THE FOURTH was quite generally kept, though in a mild and peaceable manner. The people seem to be reserving themselves for the great centennial demonstration so near at hand. The most noticeable affair was President Grant's visit to Mr. Henry C. Bowen, and Woodstock. He rode four miles in the dust, and had a good time in Mr. Bowen's cottage in getting himself clean, a hot time in the Woodstock tent, in listening to prosy exercises, until Beecher arose. No remote village of a score of houses was ever so honored before. Not only did Mr. Bowen bag the President, but he caught Beecher and Butler in the same trap. Such a feat is bigger than running the big *Independent*. Grant made no speech, Beecher rattled away as if at home, scattering his jokes among the crowd, like Lord Dexter his pennies. Butler gave a solid sermon on the lessons of the day, taking occasion to denounce the importation of Chinese, whose coming Gen. Hawley welcomed. Mr. William Everett gave a rather fresh oration, at the Boston Music Hall. This was the hundredth anniversary of the Boston oration, that event beginning with the Boston Massacre, which was commemorated thirteen years, and then changed to the Fourth of July—Independence attempted to Independence achieved. He spoke happily of the Declaration, seeing in the glittering generalities eternal truths which had moulded the nation, and all of which it had not yet fully put in practice. He advocated the incoming of the Chinese in these sound words:—

"Fellow-citizens, this problem of the true relations of the United States to the rest of the world, is at this moment forcing itself upon us. At this very moment we are in danger of refusing a gift which old Asia, the ever patient mother of the world, is offering to the youngest of her children. When we placed flowers the other day on the graves of our brethren in gratitude for their noble sacrifice, we could not help thinking what a terrible gap they left among us, and how all our difficulties at present are derived from the one want of men—men with arms, heads, hands—to fill, however imperfectly, the place of our lost thousands. The plenty that has come with peace is of no use. Our corn stands unreaped, our timber rots in the forest, our iron moulders in the mountain, for the want of men, men to do the work. At this moment a people of the old world—the most ancient, the most industrious, the most thrifty, the most ingenious, the best convinced of the value of education, are crowding from their overstocked land to our doors, not as sturdy beggars, but as honest laborers, asking for work. Will you turn them away? Will you persist in refusing their help to make the national burdens lighter? Have you so poorly learnt the Declaration that you are going at this hour to take up the old cries of 'race,' and 'America for the Americans?' Good Heavens! Ten years ago the North rose against the oppressions of the African—swore there should be no distinction of color, steadily refused to consider the question, 'What will you do with the negro?' and persisted, at the risk of national existence, in establishing that the black man was as good as the Caucasian—and now comes the Mongolian, and asks to do the very thing you want done, and some of the very men who have declaimed loudest against distinctions of race and color, talk about degradation from the contact. If you really mean to reject this timely aid that Asia offers—if you really so construe the Declaration of Independence—then don't talk about acts of Congress to protect ship-building and encourage commerce, but use your iron to make a high wall all round the frontier—plant a thick hedge of pine trees outside—and retire to your lofty isolation. And perhaps, a thousand years hence, some travelling Chinese will break down the barrier, worse than his own great wall, and find the remnants of cities, as unintelligible as those of Central America, and as useless to the world. No, fellow-citizens, this would be copying China in the worst side of her character. Not so is our national duty. Rather let us go on as of yore, throwing wide open our gates to all comers and putting the Declaration into the freest and fullest practice."

WHAT KILLED HIM?—A writer in *The Advance*, Mr. N. S. Dodge, acquainted with Mr. Dickens, describes his drinking habits as greatly increased of late years. He says:—

"After his residence at Gad's Hill, his habits became more confirmed. He drank more often. His liquors were of the choicest kind. Wines of rarest vintage were stored in his cellars. Highly spiced beverages came to be liked, and he was vain of his skill in compounding them. The 'cider-cup of Gad's Hill'—a drink composed of cider, limes, brandy, pine-apple, toasted apples, lemon-peel, and sugar,—became famous as a specialty of the place. A friend of mine who spent a day and night at Gad's Hill last year, a gentleman to whom Dickens felt under great personal obligations, and for whom he may therefore have emphasized his hospitality, describes the visit as a continued bibulous festivity from noon till midnight. There was the cider-cup on arriving at half-past twelve P. M.; sports in the open air till two, when came brandy and water; a long walk through the fields till six, when carapots, with other liquors, were served; dress; dinner from seven till ten, with every variety of wines; coffee and cigars; and then pure spirits or various compounds of spirits until bedtime."

When will so fine geniuses as these cease to set their keenest tissues on fire with these deadly flames? Is Charles Dickens to be classed with Charles Lamb, Burns, Byron, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Webster, and Wright, Fox, Pitt, and multitudes of mighty men whom strong drink has slain? Shakespeare is true; "Every cup"—not "every inordinate cup;" every cup is inordinate,—"every cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil." When will the literary and fashionable world rise and hurl this demon from their throne? They are its chief supporters to-day. Mr. Dickens was its most notable ally. Even a child's story in *Young Folks* was full of strong liquors. So are to-day our most fashionable papers and magazines. How long shall this destroyer destroy?

The *Pittsburgh Advocate* proposes that the chief surname of our Church newspaper family be changed to Methodist, the Christian name being the place of its publication. The *Christian Advocate*, at Memphis, has partly adopted this course, its name being changed to the *Western Methodist*. Western is a misnomer for a Mississippi River journal, on whose banks it is claimed that the capital must be located, as being the centre of the nation and continent. If this is carried out, it will make a happy confusion in New York, and may lead to happier results, the mingling of its contending papers into one. Thus should it be!

THE TRIBUNE AMONG THE PROPHETS.—The *Tribune* has never avowed its faith in the interblending of all men into one. It has especially and often declared its aversion to this doctrine of God, the Bible, and the Church. But it is getting converted. In a late editorial, these words find utterance:—

"We are not among those who are fond of seeking in the different elements of our population for lingering signs of the antagonism of races. We have believed, we still believe, that the work of assimilation will go on, until differing traits shall be blended into a national character new in the experience of the world, vigorous beyond the possibilities of an unmixed lineage, and with a freshness in it which must secure a great stride in human advancement. This, indeed, must be the work of time, and of more than one generation. . . . It is with pride and confidence that we look forward to the time when, the work of assimilation having been in a measure completed, our children's children may witness in a mighty people the great results of a congregation of the races. We may speak of it without immodesty, for of our eyes it will not be

seen. Yet even now, as Americans, we may find a rare satisfaction in the prospect of a truly American race, to which every quarter of the world has contributed a portion of physical or intellectual excellence."

The aged sinner may live to see what it avows is to come. Already it is here. The two extremes of our populations are so interblended to-day, that a pure-blooded African is the exception, and not the rule. So will it be with Asiatics and Aborigines. The world moves in the path Christ hath cast up for its holy, happy feet, and *The Tribune* can exult over an amalgamated humanity—"the congregation of races."

Red Cloud told these telling truths, in one of his homeward travelling speeches:—

"My Brothers and my Friends who are before me to-day: God Almighty has made us all, and He is here to hear what I have to say to you to-day. The Great Spirit made us both. He gave us lands, and He gave you lands. You came here, and we received you as brothers. When you first came, we were very many, and you were few. Now you are many, and we are few. You do not know who appears before you to speak. He is a representative of the original American race, the first people of this continent. Look at me. I am poor and naked, but I am Chief of the nation. We do not want riches, but we want to train our children right. Riches would do us no good. We could not take them with us to the other world. We do not want riches, we want peace and love. The riches that we have in this world, Secretary Cox said truly, we cannot take with us to the next world. Then I wish to know why Commissioners are sent out to us who do nothing but rob us, and get the riches of this world away from us? I want to have men sent out to my people whom we know and can trust. I am glad I have come here. You belong in the East, and I belong in the West; and I am glad I have come here, and that we could understand one another. I am very much obliged to you for listening to me."

What do our Western fire-eaters say to such words as these? They put many a Christian pulpit to the blush.

A clause in Mr. Dickens's will, published since our last, relieves him at least from the company of those who reject salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. However imperfectly his writings in some of their phases exhibited this faith, yet we rejoice that his last will and testament shows no allegiance to those who reject the Gospel:—

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter."

The last words are subject to various interpretations, but the former give evidence of an adherence to a saving faith. Though a writer in *The Advance* says "he never read the Bible, never kept the Sabbath, never affiliated with religious people," yet he somehow clung, in his secret soul, to "our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and we may hope that through faith in that Name, his sins, which were many, were all forgiven him. Yet how, if saved, does he now lament that sad defect, and desire that those who more fully preach that Lord and Saviour, and whom he failed in his life to truly appreciate or represent, shall deal justly, though tenderly, with this error of his life. The New Testament, by which he wishes his children to guide themselves, is as severe as it is liberal. Its words are stern as well as mild. The gate is strait, the way narrow, and few there be that find it. Christ is the only light, faith in Him the only salvation.



## Original and Selected Papers.

## WISDOM'S PATENT.

IMITATION OF BURNS.

Let heralds talk o' blazon'd shields,  
Pure bluid, auld lines, an' a' that,  
Gie me the honor Wisdom yields,  
It brichter shines than a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,  
Wha'd rest his claims on a' that  
Maun build upo' a slender prop  
Will gar him scaith for a' that.

I like them weel, I've no deny,  
Crests, coats o' arms, an' a' that;  
Auld famous deeds an' lineage high  
Aye ha'e their charms an' a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
They add nae worth an' a' that;  
The wight wha's carved his ain guid name,  
Is nobler far than a' that.

Then when I tak' a canny thocht  
I fin' they're vain an' a' that,  
Sure Adam, for a livin' wrought,  
Rais'd fruit, reap'd grain, an' a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Auld Adam's wealth an' a' that  
Was greater far than laird or duke,  
He monarch rul'd for a' that.

Then why auld men feel proud an' great,  
O'erbearin', gran', an' a' that?  
Beyon' his time they canna' date  
Mice earlie ran, an' a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Auld pedigrees an' a' that,  
The vilest worm that crawls the earth  
Boasts langer lines an' a' that.

But Wisdom's sons may boast their race  
O'er kings an' lords, an' a' that,  
Their mither filled the highest place,  
Ere earth was formed, an' a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Her brightest smiles, an' a' that,  
Shine aft'er roun' the puir man's board  
Than I' proud ha's an' a' that.

She i' the sacred council sat,  
Ere nature's birth, an' a' that,  
Nor e'er resigned her seat I wot,  
I heav'n or earth for a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
She flaunts nae scorn an' a' that,  
At ither graces whilk maun claim  
A later source than a' that.

Her honors live tho' kingdoms fa',  
Earth, heaven, sea, an' a' that,  
Maun fall, but she'll outlive them a'  
Mair glorious she than a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Her favor'd sons, for a' that,  
A nobler heritage can claim  
Than kings, or lords, or a' that.

T. SCOTT.

## SLIPPERY PLACES.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

Slippery places for whom? For the impenitent and the ungodly? No. It is not for them that this friendly word of counsel is written. "Their foot shall slide in due time," and unless they shall yet lay hold on the arm that is mighty to save, they shall land in the depths of perdition.

I am now thinking rather of the spiritual dangers which beset God's people—those for whom Jesus bled, and who have already made their vow to be His followers. It is a sorrowful fact that much of the labor of every pastor is to exhort, to warn, to guide and to caution the members of his own church, and to keep them off of the slippery places. And the saddest sound that smites on his ear is the occasional fall of some poor backslider whose feet have slipped, and he has gone down maimed and bruised and well nigh dead!

No living being this side of heaven is absolutely and unconditionally safe, under every possible circumstance. I do not underrate the infinite grace of that precious Saviour who is able to keep by His power, every believer, through faith, unto salvation. But I do know that I am in danger, and every one of my flock is in danger, and that not even the humblest-minded and holiest Christian has travelled so far on his heavenward way that he is completely out of the devil's reach forever. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. Happy is that Christian who always remembers that on every path of life there are slippery places, and who keeps so near to God that He may "hold him up" the moment his foot begins to slide.

Even in the blessed season of their "first love," young converts are in peril. They have not yet learned the sharp practice of the adversary. Presumption is a weakness of youth—even of Christians in their spiritual youth. They overrate their own strength. They are very apt to feel like Peter when he uttered the vain-glorious vaunt, "though all men forsake thee, Lord, yet will not I!"

Brave boasting that! But listen for a moment and you will hear a most terrible fall. "Then Peter began to curse and to swear, saying 'I know not the man!'" Poor Peter! Bruised, bleeding, crestfallen, as he goes away weeping into the garden he has learned a sore lesson that he will not soon forget. He has learned what a miserable, weak creature *Simon Peter* is without Christ. Out into the solitudes of the garden he goeth—not to hide his sin with the rope of the suicide—but to be reconverted. He repents anew, and does his first works, and gives his heart afresh to Jesus. From that garden he comes back, a wiser, humbler, and a better man. Now there are tens of thousands of Christians who have had just such an experience as presumptuous Peter's.

2. Worldly prosperity is a very slippery place for a professing Christian. When a man begins to get rich in money, he is very apt to grow poor in grace. This is not true of every one; there are some followers of Christ, like William W. Cornell and William E. Dodge, whom God can trust with an income of over a hundred thousand dollars a year without its spoiling them. But gold is apt to be a hardener of the heart. When a church-member gets wealth, his pride is very likely to swell with his income; he begins to feel independent of God; the higher he rises in prosperity the more he leans over like a tower whose altitude is too great for the breadth of its base. Every prosperous Christian ought to pray every night and morning, "O Lord! I am in a dizzy place. When my foot begins to slip, let Thy mercy hold me up!"

3. A state of over-confidence is always a state of danger. We always feel uneasy for those who claim to have made wonderful attainments. Secret pride steals in, and saps their humbleness of mind and dependent faith. They grow presumptuous. "Who is afraid? Not I." Other people may fall; not they. So Peter felt, and yet he was the very first disciple to desert in the hour of trial. We have always felt most anxiety about those converts who enter the church with a very glib and fluent profession in which the little word "I" is painfully prominent. They are often the earliest backsliders. In Bunyan's allegory, poor "Mr. Fearing" managed to reach the celestial city at last, though with a very sorry opinion of his own graces. Self-conceited "Mr. Presumption" was left lying on the road with a pair of iron fetters on his heels.

God sees a secret pride in the hearts of His own people often, which needs to be chastized. We have no doubt that this is the reason why sore afflictions are sent sometimes on those who stand as eminent Christians before the world. God saw that they were going to stumble through over-confidence, and so in mercy to them He brought them low. After their humbling afflictions they become ten-fold stronger and holier Christians than they ever were before. A stoop has often saved from a fall.

4. In these days many in our churches are in terrible danger from sinful conformities to the world. An elegant, luxurious style of living—parties of pleasure—wine-dinners—opera-houses—dancing and dressing and drinking entertainments are certain death to the spirituality of those who are decoyed into them. We have never found the Christian yet who could be trusted to stand firm on such slippery places. Sooner or later the Devil trips him up. God has never promised to take care of His people in the theatre, the ball-room, or over the wine bottle. At fashionable watering-places, and in foreign travel, church-members often try to go as far over the line as they can and save their Christian character. "Only this once; we are away from home now; nobody knows us here." Alas! when the tempter gets a professed Christian into such a net of sophistry and self-deception, he is already on the edge of the precipice. The man who does not feel every hour, "Christ sees me and how can I do this sin?" is already begun to be a backslider.

What is the safeguard? There is only one. It is this: keep close to God and keep away from the danger! If the ice is thin, stay off of it, and you will never be drowned. If there is an under-current drawing you into sin, cry unto God for help and swim out! When you feel a sinful inclination drawing you toward any place or any practice, or any pursuit or any pleasure, then put your foot down firmly and say to yourself, "No! I will not go one inch further!"

The safest rule for a child of God is to practice a total abstinence from everything that leads the footsteps into slippery places. Never go where you cannot ask Christ Jesus to go with you! Never do what you cannot ask Christ Jesus to help you do! Never try to see how close you can drive to a precipice without going over. And if stern duty requires you to go where the path is dangerous, then remember the Psalmist's prayer, "When I say my foot slippeth! O! Lord, let thy mercy hold me up!"

## NEW CYCLOPEDIA OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dr. Tyng, in his introduction, characterizes this work as a "remarkable production." The rapid sale it has met shows that it meets a felt want and is taking its place beside Webster's unabridged in the Christian teacher's library. It has a worthy place in literature and nobly fills it. All its incidents are brought to a focus upon some moral or religious subject. From mythology come a rare field of illustrations, with many others from the same source. Here are two of them:—

AMBITION, Danger of. Dædalus was a skillful artificer, who built the famous labyrinth for King Mines of Crete, but afterwards fell under his displeasure, and was not allowed to leave the island. He then designed and formed wings of wax and feathers, for himself and his son Icarus, that, if they could not escape by sea, they would defy the king by flying through the air. He equipped himself and then his son for flight, giving him the following directions: "Icarus, my son, I charge you to keep at a moderate height; for if you fly too low, the damp will clog your wings; and if too high, the heat will melt them. Keep near me, and you will be safe." They rose, and flew through the air, and the ploughmen beneath mistook them for gods. At length the boy Icarus grew confident and exultant, and, leaving his father's care, soared upward. The sun's blaze softened the wax that held the feathers of his wings in place, and they fell out. His arms moved, but would not sustain him; and down, down he fell, and was drowned in the sea beneath.

DEPRAVITY, Extent of. Northern mythology tells of the Midgard serpent, whom Odin feared would bring much trouble to the gods. He caused it to be brought to him, when he hurried it into the deep ocean. But the monster grew to such enormous size, that it could hold its tail in its mouth, thus encircling the whole earth. So extensive is that depravity which follows the serpent's trail from Eden.

Legends afford another rich field; for instance:—

AVARICE, Legend of. St. Antonio, being called upon to preach the funeral-sermon of a very rich man who had been remarkable for his avarice and his usury, chose for his text, "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also;" and, instead of praising the dead, denounced him as condemned for his misdeeds to eternal punishment. "His heart," he said, "is buried in his treasure-chest: go seek it there, and you will find it." Whereupon the friends and relations, going to break open the chest, found there the heart of the miser amid a heap of ducats; and this miracle was further established, when, upon opening the breast of the dead man, they found his heart was gone, which extraordinary event occurred in the city of Florence, and is related by the veracious author, Lelio Mancini Poliziano. — Mrs. Jameson.

Politicians find their similars in —

EXPEDIENTY, Symbol of. The chameleon is particularly noted for its singular faculty of changing color voluntarily, which enables it to conceal itself, by adopting that of the branches around, and by the peculiar structure of its enormously projecting eyes. Although the movements of its head are limited, on account of the shortness of its stiff neck, this deficiency is amply compensated by the wide range of its vision; each eye being able to move about in all directions independently of the other. Thus, while one of them gazes upon the heavens, the other minutely examines the ground; or, while one of them rolls in its orbit, the other remains fixed; nay, their mobility is so great, that, without even moving his stiff head, this wonderful saurian, like Janus the double-faced god of ancient Rome, can see at the same time all that goes on before and behind him. This mutual independence of the eyes is owing to the imperfect sympathy which subsists between the two tubes of the brain and the two sets of nerves which ramify through the opposite sides of its frame. Hence, also, one side of the body may be asleep while the other is vigilant; one may be green while the other is ash-blue: and it is even said, that the chameleon is utterly unable to swim, because the muscles of both sides are incapable of acting in concert. — Hartwig.

Under this subject proverbs are thrown together thus:

INSTINCT, Proverbs. Set a frog on a golden stool, and off it hops again into the pool. — German. — A hog in armor is still but a hog. — English. — To wash an ass's head is loss of suds. — French. — Whatever the bee sucks turns to honey, and whatever the wasp sucks turns to venom. — Portuguese. — The malady that is incurable is folly. — Spanish.

WOMAN, Proverbs. — What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. — English. — There are only two good women in the world: one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found. One hair of a woman draws more than a bell-rope. — German. — A woman's counsel is no great thing; but he who does not take it is a fool. Women, wind, and fortune soon change. — Spanish. — Women are wise off-hand, and fools on reflection. Whatever a woman wills she can. — Italian. — What a woman wills, God wills. — French. — A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust. — Chinese.

From a mass of journals we take one on —

WORLTLINESS, Fatal to the Church. In Brazil, there grows a common plant, which forest-dwellers call the *mata-dor*, or "murderer." Its slender stem creeps at first along the ground; but no sooner does it meet a vigorous tree, than, with clinging grasp, it cleaves to it, and climbs it, and, as it climbs, keeps, at short intervals, sending out arm-like tendrils that embrace the tree. As the murderer ascends, these ligatures grow larger, and clasp tighter. Up, up, it climbs a hundred feet, nay, two hundred if need be, until the last loftiest spire is gained and fettered. Then, as if in triumph, the parasite shoots a huge, flowery head above the strangled summit, and thence, from the dead tree's crown, scatters its seed to do again the work of



death. Even thus worldliness has strangled more churches than ever persecution broke. — S. Coley.

The author has been years in compiling it, and has ransacked papers, books, and everything in his zeal for a story. He has done excellently well. Every preacher and teacher must needs have it.

#### "THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH ABOVE."

An aged Christian couple had walked the journey of life together for forty-five years. Longer than that they had been members of Christ's visible Church.

But the time came for the husband to depart and be with Christ. An inexpressible peace filled his heart during his last sickness. He descended to the grave, leaning wholly upon the merits of the Saviour of sinners, in whom he had trusted for fifty years.

A few mornings after the burial of their father, two of the children were standing by the bedside of the mother. A heavenly radiance rested upon her countenance as she sweetly slept. When she awoke, she exclaimed with rapture: "O! I have had such a wonderful dream!" "What was it mother?" inquired the children. She replied: "I dreamed I saw father. He was far above me, clothed in white, and looking, O! so glorious! I stretched out my hands and exclaimed: 'Father, is there any room for me up there.' He raised his hand and pointed upward, saying, — 'Yes, mother, come. There's room enough above.'"

The Lamb of God, pointing heavenward says: "In my Father's house are many mansions." "The Spirit and the bride say 'come.'"

Faint-hearted believer, fear not. Press your way by faith to one of those many mansions.

Sinner, "there is room enough above." If you are willing to part with your sins at the cross, you shall one day hear a voice, sweeter than angel whispers, saying: "Come, ye blessed of my Father!"

"The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be!"

"Once they were mourners here below,  
And pour'd out cries and tears;  
They grieved hard, as we do now,  
With sin, and doubts, and fears."

"I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb —  
Their triumph to His death."

#### "WORKING FOR THE MASTER."

Always and everywhere, every one can do something. The smallest child is working for the Master when she tries to be good and does a kind act, even the gift of a cup of cold water to a fainting disciple. That little boy who induced his little playmate to go to the Sabbath-school is doing work for the Master. That young man who had courage enough to say No, when asked to the theatre, and refused to drink the ruby wine although a loved one urged him so to do, was using his influence on the Master's side. That young lady who could not give up her prayer-meeting for a party of pleasure, showed her friends for whom she was working. That business man who refuses to cheat his customers, although he could do it as easily as his neighbors in the same business, shows to the world that he has a higher Master than this world. That poor woman who puts into the box as it passes her, twenty-five cents for the missionary cause when she knows that it is half of all her money, but does it trusting in God, is working for Christ. Reader are you improving the opportunities you have in "working for the Master?" Think the matter over and when the next chance comes, it may be in five minutes from the time you now spend in reading this paper, improve it, every act tells. The more you work for the Master, the easier it will be for you so to do, and the reward is sure and certain, there is no mistake about that. In these days when the enemies of Christ are using every means in their power to advance their cause, when every man woman and child is working, it behooves Christians to awake with every means in their power and work as they never have before to advance the cause of Christ. There is no such thing as a lazy Christian. Christ was a worker and those who would follow Him must work while the day lasts. Come and join us ye who have been working for Satan, and be a "worker for the Master."

SAMOTH.

#### COST OF BURIAL.

The burial of great men is a costly affair. The two funerals, and the three graves of Mr. Peabody illustrate this fact most fully. Over his remains much gold changed hands, and beside the same, much fine gold found its last, and final resting place.

Now, while it required bags of gold to bury Mr. Peabody it demands all theologies to bury Charles Dickens. The world mourn for him like an afflicted household; but at his funeral it resolves itself into a denominational procession. One sect after another files past his coffin, and with the shibboleth of Creeds, pronounce upon his future weal or woe. Bringing up the rear of this procession, is the Rev. Dr. Regard, of the Broad Church, Mr. Morality and the modern humanitarians of his congregation, all denouncing the rest, because they will not allow that genius in the serviceable setting of humanity, does not fully equal regeneration of heart and life.

Here let common sense give its verdict. Charles Dickens was a great man; a genius in expression; a master spirit set for the defence of common humanity; one who loved the poor and despised those who would grind them in the dust; was "mighty to regale the intellect;" wonderful in power to keep fresh the sympathies of the human heart; and his name can never fade from the pages of literature and history.

But whether he was a Christian, every man, every church, will be its own judge. Christ loved the young man, but judged him by his own standard. He courteously received Nicodemus, but held before him positive regeneration; and Paul did the like before Felix and Festus. Now are we to suppose, how much soever we may honor and love the gifted and talented of the world, that we are to compromise any accepted standard of our own, when judging the credentials of Christian character? By no means. The Christian parent at the dying-bed of his own child, finds joy or sorrow in following his accepted religious standard; the Christian minister does the same.

Will the latter be silent in judging sparkling intellect and practical humanity? God forbid. He is no respecter of persons, and his children must not secretly accept persons. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus teaches us that Christianity has no complimentary tickets to the Heavenly Rest for those, great, simply in intellect and practical humanity. Dio.

#### TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD,

ON READING HER POEM IN "THE STANDARD."

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The sweet spring day is glad with music,  
But through it sounds a sadder strain;  
The worst of our narrowing circle  
Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O, woman greatly loved! I join thee  
In tender memories of our friend;  
With thee across the awful spaces  
The greeting of a soul I send!

What cheer hath he? How is it with him?  
Where lingers he this weary while?  
Over what pleasant fields of Heaven  
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile?

Does he not know our feet are treading  
The earth hard down on Slavery's grave?  
That, in our crowning exultations,  
We miss the charm his presence gave?

Why on this spring air comes no whisper  
From him to tell us all is well?  
Why to our flower-time comes no token  
Of lily and of asphodel?

I feel the unutterable longing,  
Thy hunger of the heart is mine;  
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,  
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question  
The finger of God's silence lies;  
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?  
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O, friend! no proof beyond this yearning,  
This outreach of our hearts, we need;  
God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;  
Some day their arms shall close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendors wait our coming  
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;  
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,  
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

Independent.

#### HAWTHORNE'S NOTES BY THE WAY.\*

Everything Hawthorne wrote is attractive. Even in the dishevelled of his genius, alive in his diary, he is full of freshness. A little heavy and minute, as skeletons of sermons unclothed with flesh, and sketches of artists, it is none the less novel and strong. He describes life and scenes in London, the lakes, Liverpool, courts, parties, men. He thinks the English courts less reserved than ours; the judge more of a participant in the trial, more earnest to get at the truth. He has many shrewd observations, of which we give a few specimens:

The public life in America is lived through the mind and heart of every man in it. Here the people feel that they have nothing to do with what is going forward and I suspect, care little or nothing about it. Such things they permit to be the exclusive concern of the higher classes.

Wishing to send a letter to a dead man, who may be supposed to have gone to Tophet — throw it into the fire.

After receiving an injury on the head, a person fancied all the rest of his life that he heard voices flouting, jeering and upbraiding him.

Carlyle dresses so badly, and wears such a rough outside, that the flunkies are rude to him at gentlemen's doors.

An American would never understand the passage in Bunyan about Christian and Hopeful going astray along a by-path into the grounds of Giant Despair — from there being no stiles and by-paths in our country.

The English probably eat with more simple enjoyment than any other people; not ravenously, as we often do, and not exquisitely and artificially, like the French, but deliberately and vigorously, and with due absorption in the business, so that nothing good is lost upon them.

When the wind blows violently, however clear the sky, the English say, "It is a stormy day." And, on the other

\* PARAPHRASES FROM THE NOTE BOOKS OF Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two vols. Fields, Osgood & Co.

hand, when the air is still, and it does not actually rain, however dark and lowering the sky may be, they say, "The weather is fine!"

What was the after life of the young man, whom Jesus, looking on, "loved," and bade him sell all that he had, and give to the poor, and take up his cross and follow Him? Something very deep and beautiful might be made out of this.

A donkey, the other day, stubbornly refused to come out of a boat which had brought him across the Mersey; at last, after many kicks had been applied, and other persecutions of that kind, a man stepped forward, addressing him affectionately, "Come along, brother" — and the donkey obeyed at once.

Thackery has a dread of servants, inasmuch that he hates to address them, or ask them for anything. His morbid sensibility in this regard has perhaps led him to study and muse upon them, so that he may be presumed to have a more intimate knowledge of this class than any other man.

In a future state of being, I think it will be one of my inquiries, in reference to the mysteries of the present state, why monkeys were made. The Creator could not surely have meant to ridicule His own work. It might rather be fancied that Satan had perpetrated monkeys, with a malicious purpose of parodying the masterpiece of creation!

The old-fashioned flowers in the gardens of New England — blue-bells, crocuses, primroses, foxglove, and many others — appear to be wild flowers here on English soil. There is something very touching and pretty in this fact that the Puritans should have carried their field and hedge flowers, and nurtured them in their gardens, until to us, they seem entirely the product of cultivation.

J —, the other day, was describing a soldier-crab to his mother, he being much interested in natural history, and endeavoring to give as strong an idea as possible of its warlike characteristics, and power to harm those who molest it. Little R — sat by, quietly listening and sewing, and at last lifting her head, she remarked, "I hope God did not hurt himself when he was making him!"

A son of Gen. Arnold, named William Fitch Arnold, and born in 1794, now possesses the estate of Little Messenden Abbey, Bucks County, and is a magistrate for that county. He was formerly Captain of the Nineteenth Lancers. He has now two sons and four daughters. The other three sons of Gen. Arnold, all older than this one, and all military men, do not appear to have left children; but a daughter married to Col. Phipps of the Mulgrave family has a son and two daughters. I question whether any of our true-hearted Revolutionary heroes have left a more prosperous progeny than this arch-traitor. I should like to know their feelings with respect to their ancestor.

At dinner the other day Mrs. — mentioned the origin of Franklin's adoption of the customary civil dress when going to court as a diplomatist. It was simply that his tailor had disappointed him of his court suit, and he wore his plain one with great reluctance, because he had no other. Afterwards, gaining great success and praise by his mishap, he continued to wear it from policy.

It seems to me that the British Ministry, in its notion of a life-peerage, shows an entire misunderstanding of what makes people desire the peerage. It is not for the immediate personal distinction, but because it removes the peer and his consanguinity from the common rank of men, and makes a separate order of them, as if they should grow angelic. A life-peer is but a mortal amid the angelic throng.

I admire this in Gothic architecture, that you cannot master it all at once; that it is not a naked outline, but as deep and rich as human nature itself, always revealing new ideas. It is as if the builder had built himself and his age up into it, and as if the edifice had life. Grecian temples are less interesting to me, being so cold and crystalline.

Captain J — says that he saw, in his late voyage to Australia and India, a vessel commanded by an Englishman, who had with him his wife and thirteen children. This ship was the home of the family, and they had no other. The thirteen children had all been born on board, and had been brought up on board, and knew nothing of dry land, except by occasionally setting foot on it.

Speaking of Thackery, I cannot but wonder at his coolness in respect to his own pathos, and compare it with my emotions, when I read the last scene of "The Scarlet Letter" to my wife just after writing it — tried to read it rather, for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsided after a storm. But I was in a very nervous state then, having gone through a great diversity of emotion, while writing it, for many months. I think I have never overcome my own adamant in any other instance.

Apocryphal of public speaking, Dr. — said that Sir Lytton Bulwer asked him (I think the anecdote was personal to himself) whether he felt his heart beat when he was going to speak. "Yes." "Does your voice frighten you?" "Yes." "Do all your ideas forsake you?" "Yes." "Do you wish the floor to open and swallow you?" "Yes." "Why, then, you'll make an orator!" Dr. — told of Canning, too, how once, before rising to speak in the House of Commons, he bade his friend feel his pulse, which was throbbing terrifically. "I know I shall make one of my best speeches," said Canning, "because I'm in such an awful funk!"

We found our way to Poets' Corner, however, and entered those holy precincts, which looked very dusky and grim in the smoky light. . . . I was strongly impressed with the perception that very commonplace people compose the great bulk of society in the home of the illustrious dead. It is wonderful how few names there are that one cares anything about a hundred years after their departure; but perhaps each generation acts in good faith in canonizing its own men. . . . But the fame of the buried person does not make the marble live — the marble keeps merely a cold and sad memory of a man who would also be forgotten. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.



## For the Children.

AMIE.

BY J. R. GOODWIN.

"Tis strange, yet 'tis true, this baby bird  
The depths of my bachelor heart hath stirred;  
Her mild merry eye of softest blue,  
And round little cheek of rose-leaf hue,  
And flute-toned voice, like the voice of a dove,  
Hath opened in my soul the fountains of love.  
I know not why — but as to my breast  
Her tiny form is gently prest,  
And I feel her breathings o'er my cheek,  
My heart hath words that it cannot speak;  
But prayer and praise from its core doth rise  
To the bright, bright ones in paradise,  
And I feel as if I were nearer them:  
It may be the baby hath touched the hem  
Of some bright spirit who hovereth near;  
Whom Heaven hath sent to watch her here.  
O! I cannot think that a blight will mar  
The life of this being, my Idol-Star.  
I would rather see it close its eye  
In the virgin flush of its morning sky,  
And feel and know 'twas a seraph bright  
Mid the spotless thrones in the world of light,  
Than ever its guileless heart should be  
Stained by one touch of impurity.

## EXCURSIONS OF THE BOTANY CLASS.

NO. III.

TO THE MOUNTAIN.

I remember one bitter day last winter, when the snow was whirling down and the great drifts going up — it seems funny to think of it now among the blossoms — the school-room was pretty thinly populated that day. Time was heavy with us and plenty of it, as there always is when it is heavy, and Mr. Boynton had been telling our Latin class about the old Stoics, who never cared or felt bad for anything that happened, and afterward of the Greek philosopher, Epicurus, whom he called "the old pleasure-seeker," because he taught men that their greatest good was in ease and pleasure. His doctrine was, "Be merry, for to-morrow you die." I was thinking of that a week ago last Saturday, when it rained so. You remember we were going up to "the mountain" that day. Well, I would like to have asked Mr. Epicurus, that if he had been going out on one of his all-important pleasure trips, and it had set in rainy and poured all day, how he'd have contrived to be merry — especially with the prospect of dying to-morrow?

The Stoics have the inside track there, for it just takes Stoics to plan to go somewhere, set the day, and then sit by the window all through that day and see it rain. However, I think a good story — one of Optic's, say — is better than either of those old philosophies. They did very well for the Greeks and Romans, who hadn't any books except written ones, worth a thousand dollars apiece; and, of course, the boys didn't get those, rain or no rain. "What luck!" said Will, who dropped in during the afternoon. "Beats the Dutch! our last excursion had to be put off a week on account of the wind, and now it's the rain. But what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose, and laughed at too — unless it's a death." Rather a hard speech, I thought, after he had gone; but after all, he's right. So another week passed, and Saturday came again, the fairest of the seven. We were up and off for the mountain at six, with a big three-seated wagon and span, Will Manning driving.

"To-morrow will be 'White Sunday,'" said Emma; "see how white the orchards are already."

"Why do they call it 'White Sunday'?" said Emily.

"Because the trees are all so white," said Will.

"Yes, but is there no other reason? Why not call it 'White Monday'?"

"I can't help thinking," said Mr. Boynton, "that there is some connection between our beautiful 'White Sunday' and the old Catholic festival of Whitsun, or Whitsuntide, which comes seven weeks after Easter, or about this time. Whitsuntide is so called, it is said, because, in the primitive Church, those who had been newly baptized appeared at church between Easter and Pentecost in white garments."

"To-morrow, then, will be Nature's Whitsuntide," said Bert.

The road wound along the lake, and the rays of the just risen sun lighted up the water down to the bottom. We could see everything going on in the fishy realm for some ways from the shore. Groups of spiny, bristly-looking little perch were scouring about in search of breakfast. Great, clumsy suckers were slowly ploughing along the bottom, "eating dirt," while here and there a black-backed, arrowy pickerel shot off into deeper water, at the rumble of the wheels. The pickerel is the "terrible shark" of fresh-water ponds and lakes. He's a great swallower of his smaller brethren. I once caught one who had just gulped down a trout half as long as himself. This must have been a pretty sizable mouthful, as well as stomachful; but that didn't hinder him from swallowing my bait with all due alacrity. A long snake (*Nerodia sipedon*, the water snake), glided across the road, and entering the

water, swam off with his head up, and making a semi-circle returned to the shore. The boys all think these snakes are poisonous; but that can't be, for they have no poison-fangs. When Prof. B. of Brunswick was up here last summer, he found the skeleton of a large snake, and showed me where the legs used to be, before "the curse" was pronounced upon him. "The legs," he said, "were rudimentary" — that is, there are places for them, but they haven't grown out. So he used to go on legs till they were blighted. If that's the case, the serpent didn't make much more out of that forbidden fruit business than old Grandma Eve and the rest of us. But 'twas a bad business for all concerned. The road now turned out of the lake valley, and climbed a long ridge of cultivated land, which descends from the mountains towards which we were going. Sunny, south-side fields, gold-flecked with buttercups, were on each side of us.

"I wonder why they call all the Ranunculaceae, including buttercups, noble liverworts, etc., 'the Crowfoots,'" said Say.

"On account of the form of the leaf," replied Mr. B.

"But it's an ugly name to give to so many beautiful flowers," said Emily.

"O, that's because you don't like crows, Emily," said Will, who couldn't quite forget a former occasion, when he had come off worse.

"And I presume you think it lovely, for the opposite reason," retorted Emily. Those two were always wrangling.

"Crowfoots isn't a very pretty name," remarked Mr. B., "especially since it has another rather whimsical signification, when applied to the tracks of old Father Time on people's faces."

"I suppose," said Will, "it's one of those names which come up like Canada thistles, in spite of everybody."

We were approaching a low, red farm-house, flanked by two large barns and a whole platoon of irregular sheds and sties. Orchards were on both sides of us, all in bloom, save here and there a sterile, meagre-leaved tree that seemed to wear a shamefaced look. The air was laden with fragrance, — "gorged with it," Will thought, — and the road was white as winter with the fallen blossoms, which drifted off the trees in whitening showers. The great garden-gate stood open, disclosing a regiment of bean-poles standing in line. On each side of the gate stood a huge clump of lilacs (*Syringa* of the Oliveworts), purpling in the sun. A beautiful green humming-bird — rare in this section — was hovering over them on whirling wings, adding the low buzz of his hum to the buzz of the bees, while over them fluttered a fickle cloud of butterflies; all after the honey. Honey is the gold of the insect world. A large Balm-of-Gilead tree (*Populus candicans*, the whitish poplar, of the Willowworts), towered above the house, and from out its dense, glossy foliage came the shrill, exasperating twitter of the king-bird, the tyrant fly-catcher, whose life, at this season of the year, seems one continual scene of broils and battles with the larger birds of prey. The reason of his presence here was soon apparent. He was a sharper, and had designs on the busy crowd collected over the lilacs. Every few moments he would swoop down, when the sharp snap of his bill would tell that some poor, verdant bee had been victimized. Nor were the pretty butterflies secure. I distinctly saw him hover over, and finally snap one of the prettiest and vainest of the young beauties who seemed to think he was only paying his court. And the others gave no heed. The honey was there and going fast; and they couldn't stop; and perhaps they didn't care.

"No; gayer insects fluttering by,  
Ne'er drop the wing o'er those that die;  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every falling save their own."

This is Emma's quotation; I never saw or heard it before.

On the heavy old cornice over the door, sat a large box which puzzled us considerably for a while. It appeared to contain some kind of a plant. There were numerous holes up and down the sides, from some of which green plant heads were issuing. Altogether, it was a funny looking thing — quite a vegetable conundrum, and so excited the curiosity of the girls that nothing to do but we must stop and investigate it.

So Mr. Boynton went to the door and knocked; once, twice — faint, mysterious signals began to be heard — thrice; and a woman came out, brushing the flour from her hands, and catching sight of our equipage out in the road, began tucking down her sleeves, looking awfully hindered. In the presence of so much business hurry, Mr. B. cut rather a figure in the insignificance of his question. He went through it however.

"O bless me!" said she, "those are houseleeks. Why I thought you was the 'census-man.' We saw it in the *Maine Farmer* that the Deputy Sheriff, or Deputy Marshal, I've forgot which, was coming along to take the census soon. O yes, look at them just as much as you want to. They haven't got very green yet, but they'll run all over the box by fall. Won't the young ladies come in? But I must run in; those cakes are burning!" So the object of our curiosity was a houseleek — the *Semper-vivum* — clumsy, thick and juicy, such as are often seen upon the walls and rocks about New England farm-houses. On a shelf near by sat the pots of two sickly house pets,

a hydrangea — *hydrangea hortensis*, I think — and a consumptive looking monthly rose, the Bengal rose or tea. They both had a pallid look, and as far as color and beauty go, made a ridiculous contrast with the splendid, spontaneous blooms all around them, and especially with a grand primrose bank across the road. Just then the lady, having turned the cakes, I suppose, came back.

"Your rose plant looks sick," said Emma.

"Yes, poor thing, it's drooping, and I've watered and tended it so much; and every night last winter I used to carry it down cellar. But I'm afraid it never'll get up June hill."

"But your primrose bank and your lilacs are very beautiful," said Mr. B.

"Well, yes, I suppose so, some think they are; but I do so hope my poor tea rose will live!" and the good lady gazed on it caressingly. And so we left her.

"There's no accounting for tastes," remarked Will.

"And least of all for ladies' tastes about house-plants," added Mr. Boynton, rather testily.

"O, now, Mr. B., please don't be too hard," said Bert. "It's just with our house-plants as it is with our dresses. We have what others have. Fashion is queen. And of course, who wouldn't love a thing that one tends and does so much for? I think that woman's love for her tea rose is beautiful, and shows a kind, motherly heart."

And, with a passing glance at the great voluptuous peonies bursting out into bloom with all their imperial colors, we rode on.

Our adventures on the mountain will have to be reserved till another week.

THE TONGUE. — "Because it is so forcible, therefore hath the most wise God ordained that it (the tongue) shall be but little, and that it shall be but one, that so the pravity and singularity may abate the vigor of it. If it were paired, as the arms, legs, hands, feet, it would be much more unruly. For he that cannot tame one tongue, how would he be troubled with twain! Because it is so unruly, the Lord hath hedged it in, as a man will not trust a wild horse in an open pasture, but prison him in a close pound. A double fence hath the Creator given to confine it — the lips and the teeth, — that through their bounds it might not break." — *Thomas Adams*, 1629.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 16.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity; these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## Correspondence.

## EAST BY WEST.

Union Pacific Railroad — Vastness its Alpha and Omega — Sublimity of its Scenery — A Sunday in Salt Lake City.

SALT LAKE CITY, June 20.

A trip over this magnificent specimen of railway enterprise, giving us an entirely different impression of its magnitude, in every sense of the term, has brought out into bold relief the grand providential features underlying its whole history, running back as it does to the time in the latter part of the 18th century, when Capt. Gray, of the good ship *Columbus Redivivus*, of Boston, reported his observations of the great northwestern country he had discovered, by entering and exploring the Columbia River. The cheering account which he gave of the character and extent of this vast domain, set Thos. Jefferson's very soul aglow in regard to it; and no sooner had he succeeded to the Presidential chair, than he set on foot the famous exploring expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark.

The consummation of this enterprise led to the entering of that territory, almost immediately, not merely by the army of trappers and fur traders, but missionaries from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches particularly. It soon became apparent to all conversant with the facts in the case, that the British residents, and especially the trading companies there, were plotting for the possession of the country to the exclusion of all American rights. They had already driven John Jacob Astor from the field, and were doing all in their power to encourage the subjects of the British Government residing in the Red River section, about which so much has recently been said, to emigrate to Oregon in furtherance of their object. Meantime the most persistent endeavors were made to give currency to the idea that no wagon trains could possibly get across the Rocky Mountains — hoping in this manner utterly to discourage all emigration from the States.

Dr. Marcus Whitman, of the American Board, in 1835, went with others as missionaries to the Flat Head Indians, to this haunt of fur traders, and while there, was sent for by the Hudson Bay Co., in whose vicinity he had located himself, to administer to some sick persons in their employ. While at supper with the officers of the Company, a messenger came in who made the announcement to the company at the table, "The brigade has arrived, and the emigrants from the Red River are here!" Toasts were immediately given, and one of the party somewhat indiscreetly, in his enthusiasm over the good news, said, "Now the Americans may whistle! the country is ours!"

The Doctor soon found means to excuse himself from the table, and started for his home twenty-four miles away, that very night, telling his wife that he must immediately go to the States, mid-winter though it was; and sending her to stop



during his absence with a Methodist missionary (Rev. Mr. Perkins, now living in Boston), he posted off all alone, and reached the Missouri frontier in February, 1843, with his face frozen, and nearly exhausted with fatigue. Pushing on to Washington, after giving notice that on his return he would lead a company of emigrants to Oregon, he sought an interview with Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. To his representations of the facts in the case, Mr. Webster replied, "But I understand that no wagons can cross the mountains. Sir George Simpson, who is now here, asserts this, and his correspondence with gentlemen there also states the same thing; and besides," added the Secretary, "I am about trading Oregon for Newfoundland and the cod fisheries."

Mr. Whitman next went to President Tyler, who said to his representations of the case, "Doctor Whitman, since you are a missionary I will believe you—and if you will take a company to Oregon I will stop the bargain where it is." Hurrying back to the borders of Missouri, he placed himself at the head of a band of one thousand emigrants and their families, who followed him as far as Fort Hall, where a mutiny came near taking place. Capt. Grant, in charge of the military station established by our government there, came out and hailed the emigrants, who had halted in the vicinity of the fort for rest, as to their destination; and when told that it was Oregon, he stoutly assured them it was utterly impossible save with their horses, and offered to exchange horses for their wagons, as he had often done before. With great difficulty their leader kept up their courage, and started them on again after this most disheartening blow,—and finally brought them safely to the Walla Walla country, thus upsetting the nice little scheme of the British traders, with Sir George Simpson at their back. It was this same Simpson who had already published, in 1841 and 1842, that "its colonists in Willamette were British subjects," that "the English had no rivals but Russians," and who "defied the United States government to establish the Atlantic tariff on the Pacific coast."

This array of facts, so eminently providential in their character, is fitly crowned by a brief reference to others, of a like impressive character. The project of a trans-continental railway is of long standing—antedating by many years Whitman's idea of it, which he so persistently and nobly pressed upon the attention of Congress and other legislative bodies for so many years. Rev. Mr. Spaulding, another of the band of missionaries penetrating that country, as early as about 1832 or 1833, published in his "Narrative of an Exploring Tour," that the "time would come probably, when the journey across the continent by railroad would be made just as now people travel to Niagara to view the wonders of Nature." From about 1844 the attention of Congress was called to the subject, and appropriation after appropriation was voted to aid in prosecuting the work of surveying the country west of the Missouri River, to ascertain the most feasible route.

Singularly enough it turns out that the disposition of the funds thus voted was left to Jefferson Davis, to a great extent, especially in the years immediately preceding the great Rebellion. Great efforts were made to have presented plans and estimates favorable to the route over the 32d parallel, which of course would bring the control of such a great national highway completely in the hands of the secessionists. And when, finally, the report of the different topographical parties was submitted to the national legislature, and it was found that the route through Texas presented vastly less obstacles than any other,—was the shortest of some ten or twelve others,—involved less ascent by over two thousand feet in crossing the mountain barriers,—and that it could be constructed for some \$30,000,000 less money,—the marvel of all is that at length the location of the road was not on this eminently feasible line, but on the more complicated one 500 miles north, and at such a vastly increased expense.

Summing up all these points which now stand out so clearly, and remembering that had the scheme of Sir George Simpson & Co. worked as they hoped it would, an area of country covering not less than about 800,000 square miles, and including some of the richest mineral and coal mines yet developed in the country, would have been wrested from us, besides cutting off the right of way for this gigantic railroad,—who can fail to appreciate the coup, in all its force, which tells us—

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends,  
Rough how they come as we will."

President Smith said to us in conversation yesterday afternoon, that the Mormons found out the path for the Pacific Railroad, and claimed the honor for the Latter Day Saints of having been the pioneers in the gigantic enterprise. It reminded us of the story of the pious old lady praying in her lone cabin for bread, and was overheard in her supplications by a wag who was passing, who forthwith crept up to her chimney, and tumbled down a loaf of bread. Waiting the result of the joke, and hearing the old lady devoutly thanking the Lord for the timely supply, the perpetrator broke in upon her by saying, "You old fool! that bread didn't come from the Lord—I just threw it down your chimney myself!"

"Well," quickly retorted the trusting saint, "I believe the Lord sent it, if the devil did bring it!" We beg pardon of our friends, the Mormons, for the comparison.

But O, the vastness of the undertaking, stretching away over plains by 500 mile heats, till the eye wears with the almost interminable monotony, which would be quite unendurable, but for the occasional intervention of a prairie-dog city, a herd of frightened antelopes, fields of most beautiful cacti in bloom, and at intervals a glimpse in the distance,—always far away from the track,—of Indians. By special permit of Superintendent Hammond, we took a ride on the loco-

motive down the tremendous incline from Sherman, the highest point on the route, to Laramie, over 1,100 feet. We were filled to surfeiting with the grand and sublime, as we went whirling down, now through a long line of snow sheds, anon traversing a bridge spanning some tremendous gulch, making one's head swim to look down to the bed of the stream creeping beneath it. Gangs of Chinamen were scattered along the track at frequent intervals, keeping it in constant and perfect repair; and in one place we passed a heap of cattle in a ditch by the side of the road, killed by the engine only a day or two previously.

But by far the grandest portion of the road was reserved for us, known as Echo and Weber Canyons,—the descent of the road being full 2,534 feet from the Wahsatch station to the terminus of the U. P. Road, at Ogden. Putting ourselves on the cow-catcher of the engine, by the kindness of the engineer, we had all the magnificence of the scenery at first hand. Just at starting, our Jehu touched his fiery horse with his iron whip handle gently, for a few of his ponderous paces, and then shut the throttle for the entire distance of about 70 miles, save at starting from some station for just a moment. We shall never forget the impressions of grandeur and mightiness as we lifted our eyes skyward, ever and anon gazing at the cloud capped summits, and then at the massive surfaces of the almost interminable cavernous ravines, lining the way on either hand. Our party of three from our novel standpoint involuntarily lifted our hats reverently at the stupendous specimens of Himalayan scenery in our own American home, full as imposing as that to be found in any land, as we careered through and past them.

#### MORMONISM AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

Just about sunset Saturday night, though hard upon 11 o'clock by your Old South standard, we were at the Revere House in Salt Lake City, the only hotel kept by a Gentile host in the city—our party registering some fourteen or fifteen persons. It was soon noised around that such a body of heretical New Englanders had pounced upon Mormonism, and a polite invitation was soon tendered us to lend our presence at a strawberry festival in aid of the Methodist Mission just started in the city, and accepting as we readily did, we found ourselves in the midst of a motley crowd of people, three or four hundred in number, a majority of whom were Mormons, as we were told by Rev. Mr. Peirce late of Syracuse, N. Y., the pastor of the mission. The next morning we took our way to the old Tabernacle with the crowd, which we found nearly filled with a company of fifteen hundred or more. A large choir sang to the tune of "Antioch," somewhat Mormonized in its harmony, the hymn commencing,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

and prayer, coupled with thanksgiving for God's revelation made to "Joseph," was offered. Another finely rendered song of praise was sung, and a discourse of wondrous flexibility was delivered, evidently for the benefit of the Gentile ears of our party, by a Mr. Candlin, who pretended to have been a Methodist preacher formerly, but by his attempted statements (or misstatements rather) of doctrine, showed that he knew precious little of what he was talking about. Aiming mainly to show that immersion was the only door into God's kingdom, he came out first on the Universalist side of the theological world, then cheek-by-jowl with the Papist, and finally worked in enough of Campbellism to make the biggest olla podrida of divinity, with enough of rationalism mixed in, to make it about as nauseous a compound as we could well endure. At the close, he touched on the polygamist phase, now assumed by this great theocracy in clearest attempted imitation of the Jewish original, and avowed it to be the corner-stone of the organization, raising a big laugh all around when he said that an unmarried person was of no account any how "up there," meaning the kingdom of God, and that those muchly married, as Artemas Ward would put it, were to shine as stars of the first magnitude forever and ever.

#### Our Book Table.

##### HISTORICAL.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Vols. XI. and XII. Charles Scribner & Co. The conclusion of this great work is as interesting as its beginning, and even more so. Henry, Wolsey, and the men of that age, were present at its start. They have long since left the stage, and their fierce loves and hates, ambitions and overthrows, are only so much blank paper, save for the purpose of God that runs through their bloody and beastly encounters, as the Ganges bears dead bodies and carrion fish on its bounteous waves. Here we are plunged into the thick of Elizabeth's fight with Mary and with Philip. All the political state craft and female jealousies that possessed both of these ruling women, might make men fear woman suffrage and office-holding, if that craft and jealousy were more than those men exhibit. Philip was more cunning and cruel towards Elizabeth, than she was towards Mary. These volumes tell both these stories with great vigor. They hold an even balance, and abuse each side with impartial vigor. Mary is no saint, nor Elizabeth. Politics, in the cold solvents of this critic, are void of skill or principle, and everything seems to happen by chance, not by design. Elizabeth has no policy, never hesitating to make and break promises, and doing this without motive or plan. Mary is equally changeable. Elizabeth's ministers are of the same sort, pretty much, and so are Mary's. Frode has evidently a very low opinion of statesmen. It is strange, with such views, that he has lately sought and obtained an election to Parliament; and it is well, perhaps, for him, that an old law forbidding a man once in orders from being a member is revived to exclude him. He tells a telling tale, despite these drawbacks. Mary's death, and Philip's overthrow, are the two crowning points of these volumes. He has but little to say of the real history of England, under Elizabeth, its religious movements apart from its political, its social progress, its lit-

erary achievements, its geographical discoveries and conquests. All these are of secondary importance to the cabals of courts and the conflicts of rulers. And yet through this conduct of the author runs a purpose. He is seeking to show how England got emancipated from Rome. It is a religious, a Christian history, despite the unchristian views of its writer. It is a struggle of Protestantism with Romanism. Mary and Philip are the officers of the Pope; Elizabeth the officer of Christ. Not without reason did the English Government offset the Papal claim to be the head of the Church, with that of their sovereign; for that sovereign, at least in this reign, was undoubtedly its head, militant and visible, as much as Joshua was, or David, when fighting the battles of the Lord, and restoring a fallen state to power against a Pagan foe. The fight between Elizabeth and Mary was a dual between the Pope and Protestant. Her death struck a vital blow at Papacy. The battle between Spain and England was a war between the Papacy and Protestantism. The destruction of the Armada settled the fate of the former in England. It will take more than all the Capels, Mannings, and Bateas, for many a century, to renew that allegiance. Frode closes his story with the loss of the Armada. He very neatly says: "Chess-players, when they have brought their game to a point at which the result can be foreseen with certainty, regard the contest as ended, and sweep the pieces from the board." So he excuses himself from continuing the history of Elizabeth's trials by land and sea, in literature and arts, because it was not included in the game. How much was included and decided in that event, is well put in these lines:—

"It had been my intention to continue this history to the close of Elizabeth's life. The years which followed the defeat of the Armada were rich in events of profound national importance. They were years of splendor and triumph. The flag of England became supreme on the sea; English commerce penetrated to the farthest corners of the Old World, and English colonies rooted themselves on the shores of the New. The national intellect, strung by the excitement of sixty years, took shape in a literature which is an eternal possession to mankind, while the incipient struggles of the two parties in the Anglican Church prepared the way for the conflicts of the coming century, and the second act of the Reformation. But I have presumed too far already on the forbearance of my readers in the length to which I have run, and these subjects, intensely interesting as they are, lie beyond the purpose of the present work. My object, as I defined it at the outset, was to describe the transition from the Catholic England with which the century opened, the England of a dominant Church and monasteries and pilgrimages, into the England of progressive intelligence; and the question whether the nation was to pass a second time through the force of a reconciliation with Rome, was answered once and forever by the canon of Sir Francis Drake. The action before Gravelines of the 30th of July, 1588, decided the largest problems ever submitted in the history of mankind to the arbitration of force. Beyond and beside the immediate fate of England, it decided that Philip's revolted Provinces should never be reannexed to the Spanish Crown. It broke the back of Spain, sealed the fate of the Duke of Guise, and though it could not prevent the civil war, it assured the ultimate succession of the King of Navarre. In its remoter consequences it determined the fate of the Reformation in Germany; for had Philip been victorious, the League must have been immediately triumphant; the power of France would have been on the side of Spain and the Jesuits, and the Thirty Years' War would either have never been begun, or would have been brought to a swift conclusion. It furnished James of Scotland with conclusive reasons for remaining a Protestant, and for eschewing forever the forbidden fruit of Popery; and thus it secured his tranquil accession to the throne of England when Elizabeth passed away. Finally, it was the sermon which completed the conversion of the English nation, and transformed the Catholics into Anglicans."

He portrays Elizabeth's character in forcible hues; says she was no Protestant, but a Catholic, who denied the political supremacy of the Pope. She was forced to this by her birth, and by the circumstances of her training. England to-day bears much of her impress. It is now, as then, in its aristocracy, a half Catholic country, that wishes to be Roman without obeying Rome. Her people preserve her from that fall. As Frode properly says, "Some of the problems of that hour perplex the minds of statesmen to-day." Thus he paints her character and end:—

"In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain, and building her Church system out of the broken masonry of Popery, her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her perils dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune, and weary of his ungrateful services. Hunsdon, Knollys, Burghley, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistresses were left by herself, standing as it seemed on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honors which Burghley's policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant powers, which had been so often offered her, and so often refused, has been forced upon her in spite of herself. 'She was Head of the Name,' but it gave her no pleasure. She was the last of her race. No Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own word and prophecy was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun. Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it perhaps a consciousness of falling faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendor, and friendless among the circle of advisers who swore they lived but in her presence, she grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sicken- ing of a vague disease, she sought no help from medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sat silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died."

The history will be long an influence, and, to some extent, an authority. Few works are more forcibly or fairly written. Though not Christian, it favors Christianity; the teacher teaches better than he knows.

The *Woman's Journal* has just completed the first six months of its existence. It has proved itself an earnest and valuable advocate of the claims of woman. It has steered clear of all side issues, while the main question has been ably and thoroughly discussed.

Woman's right to the ballot is now urged by the best men in the British Parliament. It is presented in Congress, and in nearly every Northern State Legislature. It will soon take its place in politics, and should be understood by every voter and by every woman. At the best means to this end, we recommend this journal. The half-year's subscription, commencing July 1, is only \$1.50.

We understand its circulation is constantly increasing. It should certainly be read in every family. We cordially recommend it to all who would examine the question, cleared from extraneous topics.

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BOSTON, JULY 14, 1870.

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## "PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE."

There is not a little discrepancy between the exhortations of Holy Scripture respecting singing the praises of God in our acts of worship, and the practices of many congregations. "O come," they say, "let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms." "Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him; talk ye of all His wondrous acts." "O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth." "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people." "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises." "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;" and as though human voices could not be loud enough in their "joyful noise," the Psalmist exhorts to praise Him with the trumpet, the psaltery, and harp, the timbrel and pipe, with stringed instruments and organs, and high sounding cymbals. Singing and praising are joined together, and sometimes they are interchanged. Song is the natural language of gladness; and with loud and joyful song the worship of Mount Zion was offered.

And we are come to Mount Zion, the spiritual Zion, of which that in Jerusalem was the type. The conservatism of Judaism was to end with the Pentecost which baptized the Church with heavenly fire and holy joy. It might, therefore, well be inferred, that Christian worship would be more free, hearty, and warm, and also shared in by a larger number of participants, were it not that all—"young men and maidens, old men and children"—were expected to "praise the name of the Lord," even in that colder dispensation. We cannot read the Apostolic counsels to some of the early Christian churches without noting the unanimity and joyousness which were to characterize their songs. "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." And again, "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." The instruments of the Jewish worship receive no allusion by the apostles, not because they were inconsistent with Christian worship, but because the Christians did not have them, and the places of their assembling were unadapted to them. The God of the Christian had not become changed by the introduction of the higher joy of the new dispensation; He had revealed Himself more fully and precious, and the hearts and voices of His people could sing and praise more sweetly and triumphantly.

How many of our Christian congregations illustrate in their public worship what the Scriptures authorize one to expect who is ignorant of the facts, except as he has learned them from the holy book? In how many do the "young men and maidens, old men and children," make it a part of their business in the sanctuary to sing the praises of God?

Practice varies. In one church a voluntary by the choir, perhaps in operatic style, artistic and cold, takes the place of an opening hymn, poorly preparing the listening audience for the Scripture lessons and the prayers. Perhaps the congregation is allowed to unite in singing one of the hymns of the service; but, if so, that is the sum total of the part borne by them in the worship of the hour. It is a sad and cheerless spectacle, kindling no enthusiasm, and warming no souls. Sadder and colder is what we sometimes find in our sanctuaries, a service in which the minister at one end

of the house, and a quartette at the other, are the only persons who presume to use their voices in the house of God. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," says the Holy Ghost; our Christian servants of the Holy Ghost obey His voice, by setting up the minister and the choir to do it for them!

A pastor opened his first service in a city church with the hymn commencing—

"Arise, and bless the Lord,  
 Ye people of His choice;"

expecting that as the choir began to sing, the congregation would indeed "arise," stand on their feet, and, a few of them, at least, open their lips and "bless the Lord." But not one of them moved, not one of them sang; they sat upon their seats, and were dumb. So ridiculous was the scene in his eye, and so much of a burlesque upon that glorious hymn, that though it was a favorite with him, he never again asked them to sing it. Equally unadapted to our methods are others of our hymns. Either they or our practices need revision. Let the minister read,—

"Ye pilgrims, on the road  
 To Zion's city, sing;"

or,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne;"

or,

"Come, sound His praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing;"

or,

"Let the elders praise the Lord,  
 Him let all the people praise;"

or,

"And when with heart and voice we strive  
 Our grateful hymns to raise,"

words which imply that either with or without a choir to lead them, the people are to sing the hymn, and then let the only response to the call be in the performance of a half dozen out of the hundreds who are present, and they in a gallery far removed from the body of worshippers, and we have an exact specimen of what often occurs. Verily, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.

The truth is, singing is a part of our public worship. At a concert we listen, and criticise; we go for that purpose. We have nothing to do but pay our money, and get the best we can. The singers are performers, and we are the auditors. In the church we are worshippers, and not mere auditors; and performers in the orchestra, the pulpit, or the pew, are an abomination and a mockery. In the prayers the minister speaks instead of the people, for we have no liturgy except in the conclusion of the first prayer, when they are desired to unite in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, because they know the words that will be uttered. This, the Lord's Prayer, and our hymns are our liturgy for the ordinary services of the sanctuary. The hymns are before the eyes of the people, they know the words that will be sung, and they are for the people to sing. And where this part of the worship is removed from them by either their authority or consent, there is a withholding from God of the service that is his due.

Our Methodism has not, from the beginning, changed its voice on this question. "As singing is a part of Divine worship in which all ought to unite," says the Discipline, to our pastors, "therefore exhort every person in the congregation to sing, not one in ten only." This is right, wise, and practical. There is no arraying the congregation against the choir, but a blending of the two. The choir is needed with the organ, not to do the singing, but to lead the congregation. Let it be a good choir, and well-trained, and let it sing with its best skill; but be it remembered that its only office is to lead and not perform. Scattered through the pews, in almost every church are voices as sweet and musical, belonging to persons as well instructed as any that are in the choir; and these voices have no right to be silent. Trinity, in New York, can exult in its choir of boys; we may do better, for we can place the hymn-book in the hands of all our children, and teach them to sing with us the songs of Zion. Then, when is read from the Scriptures, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," the words will have a deep significance, and they will meet their proper response in our dealing with the songs of the sanctuary.

There are churches where these words are not needed. There is a refreshing glow and earnestness in their worship. Their choirs will sometimes open with

a chant or an anthem, but the three hymns are held to belong to, and to be for the congregation. A new tune is occasionally sung, but it is repeated until it is made familiar. For with harmony of plan and effort, it is intended that all the people shall praise the Lord. So may it be in all our churches, as it is with them that sing the new song before the throne.

## THE CELESTIAL INVASION.

"I shall be killed in New York city for being a Chinaman," said a well-known Abolition reformer of that ilk, lately, when prophesying the manner of his death. That sort of martyrdom may not be confined to New York. The California hostility that has so long ruled that State, is spreading itself over all the country. The little cloud darkens the whole land. The seat of this second outbreak is North Adams, named for John Adams, its first name coming not from his Northern nature and origin, but from the relation of the village to the rest of the township. Massachusetts has its usual luck. It has to initiate about all the good or evil that gets abroad. California Chinese were simply the driftwood of emigration. This strikes at the heart of our whole labor system. Seventy Chinamen, of good looks for them, of quiet manners, of studious habits, are precipitated into this Berkshire town, by the daring and desperation even of a single man, Calvin T. Sampson. The one-man power again appears; the everlasting hero, who, solitary and alone, sets the ball of change in motion. The Chinese in China have already made a god of a Massachusetts man, Ward by name, who organized their armies, and subdued their rebellion. He is now a worshipped idol by the decree of the Emperor. The Chinese of America may yet do like service to Mr. Sampson; he will deserve it at their hands, as much as Ward did, and more; for if he succeeds he will not merely subdue a rebellion, but a nation. The labor of the New World he makes theirs.

Mr. Sampson seems to be one of those manufacturers who are always having trouble with his operatives. He does not seem to cooperate with them, nor in any way seek their good. He has several times sought to break the rules of their craft, and imported Irish, Canadians, and others, in opposition to their wishes. Last April, he sought to reduce their wages ten per cent., declaring his business required it. They asked, very properly, to see his books, that they might themselves see if his words were true. He refused, with intense indignation. They refused to agree on a reduction, whereupon he sent his partner to California, and in thirty days after his departure he returned with seventy Chinamen, well picked for the skirmish line of the new war between money and man.

Of course the commotion is immense. Three hundred thousand shoemakers in this country feel that their living is in danger. Every other class of operatives sees the handwriting on the wall. Cotton, woolen, iron, all sorts of manufacturers, have attent eyes on North Adams, Sampson, and his Celestials. If this experiment succeeds, the Pacific Ocean and Pacific Railroad will be loaded with men who shall underbid our workmen, and take possession of our workshops. Such is the fear. Mr. Wilson remembers his craft, and denounces the movement in his senatorial seat. Placards, calling on workmen to meet, cover our walls, and the Terror of the hour, a pig-tail Chinaman, with a string of rats hanging from a pole over his shoulder, awakens attention and wrath. This is the *bête noir* which is to enrage the laboring soul.

The problem is a grave one. What will we do with it? Shall the laborer be trodden under foot of the capitalist? Shall we be false to our boasted principle of welcoming all nations to our doors? Shall we turn our back on the great doctrine of the brotherhood of man? Shall we allow Pagans to outroot Christians, and permit the heathen to drive us from our inheritance? So wages this war. It is sure to go on, and assume yet mightier proportions. What are some of the elements that must enter into the solution?

First. They will come. No law of Congress will forbid it. The Chinese built their wall, but they could not keep the outsiders outside. We cannot build any wall to keep them out of America.

Second. They will be employed. Manufacturers, greedy of gold, and despising all humane instincts and



duties, will employ them. Already they are in thick correspondence with this Sampson, and his pulling down the temple of the Crispin Dagon, will lead to like attempts on their part to tear down other leagues and unions. They are certain to appear in all our factories, shops, and houses.

Third. This emigration can be regulated, if not forbidden. They should be compelled to bring their families with them. All European emigrations have been very largely of both sexes. The Asiatic should be of the same sort. It is said that the wives and children of these men are sold into slavery to some rich neighbor in order that the husband and father may get means to come to America. Our government ought to instruct its Minister to China to inquire into this matter, and, if it is true, their landing should be forbidden; for such a violent and possibly life-long separation of families is a cruelty we should never encourage by liberty of immigration. But if they only sell the service of the wife and children until they are able to redeem them, and bring them to America, the case has a different aspect. They will have as much right to get money thus from Chinese Sampsons, as these have to sell their labor for three years to the Yankee breed.

Fourth. These immigrants must be met in the same manner as others are, cordially and Christianly. They are not to be punished for the sins of those who hire them. They are men, with the same souls, and hopes, and fears, passions, propensities, and principles, as all other men. They have an equal appetency for faith and Christianity. The Irishman is religious, in his way, a very poor way, we Protestants think, but it is a way. The negro is equally religious in a better way. The German, hardest of all to convert, in consequence of his skeptical training, is becoming possessed steadily, if slowly, with the divine truth. The Chinese can be equally affected. It is said that Ar Sing, the foreman of this company, is a Methodist, and brought his certificate of membership from a church in San Francisco. So may they all become. They must be brought into Christian influences as speedily and thoroughly as possible, and in every way treated as men and brethren.

Fifth. This movement should lead, and probably will lead, to a more thorough revision of the whole question of labor and capital. To-day they have nothing in common. Money answereth all things. Mr. Sampson's cheque checks all the efforts of sixty thousand poor workmen to control him. The talk and treatment of the capitalist, often, concerning his laboring brother, is cruel and heartless in the last degree. He does not put himself in his brother's place. He only thinks how he can make the most out of him. Mr. Sampson's attempt to decrease their wages ten per cent is one of the signs of this general, almost universal conduct. He did not think of giving up horses or carriages, of moving into a house such as he lived in the days of his poverty or ordinary comfort, of surrendering his Java coffee and sirloin steak for breakfast, or richer luxuries for dinner, or lopping off a luxury of his family or himself. He goes to his poor workmen, struggling now to keep soul and body together, with families they seek to support in comfort, who must dress as decently Sundays as Mr. Sampson's, who go to the same church, and Sunday-school, and day-school as his children, and must wear as good clothes, and use and pay for the same books; these families, sometimes his own brethren and sisters in the church, always his own brethren and sisters in humanity, he crowds down ten per cent on their wages, and because they resist, goes off and imports threescore and ten other laborers, who work at half price, because they are without their families, and without the necessary expenses of Christian and cultivated society, and does it because he is determined to break them down.

This is inhuman, is unchristian. It is diabolic, and yet a multitude of like men are looking and plotting to do the same thing in their own workshops and factories.

The strife between man and money cannot fail ultimately in a free commonwealth in giving man the victory. There is no need of gorged wealth, there is need of general comfort. One man, worth three millions of dollars, almost more than all the rest of his town, lately lost by fire a block of buildings in a city, on which he got thirty-six hundred dollars rent annually, while his loss was estimated at only ten thousand dollars. How did

he get such enormous returns? By crowding the poor together, and putting in his own pocket the money that belongs in theirs.

This state of things cannot go on much longer. Labor will wrestle with capital. Let it be wise, let it be temperate, let it be religious, and it will win. The Crispins and other Unions are too harsh and stringent in some of their provisions. They should be more liberal. They should oppress no workman who chooses to act independent. They should seek to have the coöperation of the employer, and work together in harmony. That employer should treat them like men and brethren. He should tell them his financial affairs; when prosperous, they should share in the prosperity; when depressed, in the depression. In a word, there should be coöperation.

Finally, America has an immense territory unoccupied. Even Massachusetts has thousands of untitled acres. Belgium, Holland, England show what a garden she may become, and how far she is from it now. Maine needs millions of Chinese or others in her vast domain to-day. The West and South have hardly any settlers yet compared with their territory, while from the Mississippi to the Pacific, a hundred millions are required to make it habitable. The rest of the continent is alike empty. From Alaska to Patagonia this hemisphere could take all the Chinese, and hardly know they were here. The earth could sustain twice and thrice its population, if they were only distributed. China is a pent-up gulf of humanity. Man can hardly breathe there for the crowd. That gulf must break through. It will pour over this continent. The Hindoo will follow; but they will only equalize the burden a little. There is no danger of all China's coming to America. The pressure removed, the rest will breathe freer, and stay where they are. Our prairies and savannahs will be cultivated. Our brethren of Asia, Africa, and Europe will become one brotherhood in America.

Let no one fear. God is in all this. Christ is bringing the world together, and at His feet. May we rejoice over the consummation He is achieving, and work with Him for the rapid accomplishment of His divine desire.

#### THE INDIAN A MAN AND A BROTHER.

*The Central* is greatly amused at our proposition to locate, enfranchise, and educate the Indians. It laughs almost as bad as the servant of Holmes's funny man. We fear we shall have to send somebody to sit up with it, its fit is so severe. It urges our old, familiar friend, Hon. G. W. Frost, to call on us, and enlighten us. We shall be happy to see him, and shall beg leave to be "enlightened" on these points. Why are not the wretched Pawnees, who live worse than beasts in the limits of Omaha brought into legal lines, their vagrancy forbidden, their wretched tents changed for less wretched cabins, their low sports for sixpences transformed into honest labor, their women set to house-work, and their children sent to schools? Mr. Frost has done much for that State, but he will do more than all before, if he gets the State to compel its Indians to settle, and treats them as fellow-citizens. Even *The Central*, after it gets over its merry mood, accepts our position. It says:—

"No nation has ever had such trouble with the Indians as we; none ever pursued a policy so utterly, unaccountably foolish and wicked."

Let it not help on such folly and wickedness by refusing to accept the only possible cure of the gigantic evil. The Indian will stop roving, when he is treated by the white as his equal. He will settle down, if he can have all the rights of settlers. But he is treated so unjustly by all classes, that he keeps roving to keep himself in any sort of liberty. Rev. Wm. H. Goode, who understands this matter better than any of our ministers, and as well, almost, as the editor of *The Central*, favored these views on the floor of the General Conference, and got a report in its favor; but the blood-thirsty spirit of the extreme West denounced it, and it failed to pass. Had we adopted his report, and sent a Commission, as we should, to Washington, urging his views upon the Government, we should have found him, where he belongs, at the head of the Commission Gen. Grant has ordered. We hope our brother will "pause in his mirth, adversity consider," the adver-

sity of these poor brethren of ours, who have suffered steadily for four hundred years only wrong and crime from the white races. Since they were enslaved by Columbus, till they were massacred by Chivington and Sheridan, they have had but one treatment at our hands. It is about time that the Christian and Methodist press treated them as men and brethren. Especially should a paper so radical, in its ordinary righteousness, not fail in this test of its faith and love. The West is as cruel to-day to the Indian as was the East two hundred years ago. May *The Central* not be like unto it. Treat our brethren as brethren. Thus shall we save them to Christ and the nation.

#### DOWNER'S MINERAL SPERM OIL LAMP.

"Give us light, and let us die," was the eager cry of the ancient philosopher, blindly groping for the unseen existence. So far as material light is concerned, the desire of the sage has been amply gratified. Science has almost driven darkness from the civilized world. Old Night, if not dethroned, is deprived of a large part of her dreary dominions. Scarce had the cry arisen, "The harpoon has driven the whale from the ocean," when tidings came that the drill of the well-digger had drawn from the rock-ribbed earth, a more than ample supply of the material which the seas had failed to yield. But after preparing this mineral oil for illuminating purposes, it was found to contain an explosive property, which made its introduction as an article of household economy, a matter attended with a great deal of danger. By imposing restriction on the sale of certain qualities of the article, and by the invention of improved lamps, this danger has been somewhat abated; still, every week furnishes fearful accounts of appalling accidents occasioned by explosions of petroleum. But science has at length completely triumphed over this evil. Mr. R. S. Merrill, of Boston, has lately patented a lamp, which puts all accidents, of the kind we have referred to, beyond the range of possibility, and insures a perfect safety from explosion to every consumer of petroleum. An invention of this kind, whose benefits reach out to countless thousands, must place its author in the front rank of the scientific benefactors of the race. Sir Humphrey Davy's invention insured safety to the miner; Mr. Merrill's is a guarantee of safety to the million.

We have no end of safety lamps advertised, in almost every newspaper we take up; each one of these claims to make the burning of the most volatile and inflammable oils a matter of complete exemption from explosion. Such claims may be well founded, so long as the lamp remains intact; but let it be broken, the accident of all others the most likely to happen, and the disaster is inevitable. Mr. Merrill has prepared his petroleum so as to give to it the density of ordinary sperm oil, and then prepares a lamp that will consume it. Let this lamp be broken, and the oil extinguishes the flame, which, while in the lamp, it fed. So thoroughly has this matter been tested, that a lighted match dipped into a quantity of this oil heated up to 300° Fahrenheit, has instantly gone out. For brilliancy and economy this light will compare favorably with the brightest and cheapest in the market. For cars, factories, and steamboats, this lamp will, before long, be thought indispensable. But more than all, in the family, where, at present, the tiny hand of an infant may in an instant envelop the whole household in flames, will the use of this lamp be looked upon as a necessity; while the introduction of any other will be regarded as something like a crime.

A MISTAKE. — *The Northern* has this note and comment:—

"The Wesleyans are the strongest Non-conformist body in Great Britain, but one of the weakest in London."

"This is paralleled by Methodism in this country, and we doubt not from the same cause. Churches, to grow in large cities, must have a more permanent pastorate than our itinerancy affords."

We do not believe that Methodists are weaker than other bodies in our cities. They are more numerous in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and Cincinnati, and more progressive than almost any other in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston. In London they fail because they do not push, not because of the itinerancy. Panshon was not near the heart of the city, and no Methodist church that we could find, City Road being a long



way from Temple Bar. Nor was he advertised. Our other men are not, while other churches liberally advertise. The best religion to-day for the cities is Methodism. It keeps fresh blood pulsing through their channels. One or two young and popular men in other churches get full houses. The rest are empty. Most Methodist churches are filled, and prosperous.

The Wesleyan University Base Ball Club was badly beaten lately by the Trinity Club. Now let the Wesleyan University Best Brains Club challenge the Trinity ditto to a public discussion in Hartford, or a series of essays on some scholarly and popular topic. Get Mrs. Stowe and her husband, Drs. Bushnell, Scudder, and others as Committee, and see who'll beat. These strifes of collegians in collegiate sports is as foreign to their training as would be a strife of the Chinese and Canadian shoemakers of North Adams over the Homeric question. If the shoemaker should stick to his last, so should the scholar to scholarship. Try the Trinity men with this appropriate challenge, and introduce the old and better practice of collegiate wrestlings of brain, not brawn.

The Revolution Publishing Association opened fine rooms at Brooklyn, near Fulton Ferry last week. Under the editorship of Mr. Bullard, it is becoming one of the best regulated of revolutions. By 1876, if nothing breaks, this revolution will be added to the one achieved a century before. One of the chief supporters of this journal, its Treasurer, Hon. Jeremiah Curtis, father of the editor, was the first candidate of the Liberty party in Maine, for Governor. His daughter, it is prophesied, will be the first female candidate for the woman governorship of New York. As both are members in good and regular standing of the Baptist Church, we hope our friend Mr. Fulton will not object to his liberality to this cause or her coming gubernatorial honors.

A Providence Itemizer defends the action of occupying the Unitarian Church. He says: "One would infer from the remarks of our note-taker, that Mathewson Street Church had lost their identity for a time, and become tender to Unitarianism. The simple fact is, the Unitarian Society tendered a courteous invitation for the Mathewson Street to simply hold their own services at that place of worship, during that part of the Sabbath not preoccupied by themselves. If the acceptance by an Armenian Society of a Congregational house of worship is fraternization with Calvinism, then this acceptance of an unoccupied sanctuary for their own distinctive service merited the ungenerous animadversions of the writer."

We hardly think the note of our brother meant anything very bad, but we go for free speech. We have no doubt this stray church and its pastor will be faithful in its new pulpit to the truth as it is in Jesus.

A vacant appointment anywhere may be filled by applying at this office. As to ability and other qualifications for the work, the very best of reference can be furnished.

"JUSTICE" COMPLAINS.—"You say in last week's HERALD that 'Mr. Simmons did his best,' referring to the building of the new Greenwich organ."

"If the name Stevens be substituted, it will be correct. Of course it was a misprint, but—'Honor to whom honor is due.'"

We are sorry to learn that Rev. Dr. W. R. Clarke is quite sick of intermittent fever at his residence, Auburndale.

The Boston Directory for 1876 is out. It is a portly volume and does great credit to the Publishers, Sampson, Davenport and Co., both for its accuracy, information, and appearance.

Mr. Townsend of The Chicago Tribune made this excellent point:—

"I could not help thinking, when I saw Red Cloud's band strutting up and down on the piazza of a hotel, the other day, grinning or sneering at the pedestrians, lionized, admitted to State audiences with the President, fed, clothed, dead-headed, and consoled, how much awry our policy had been towards the black man. The black man has tilled the soil, enriched us, adopted our religion with all cheerful humility, submitted to slavery for the sake of peace, kept himself even from our civil wars except as a Christian soldier, eaten in sweat and agony the dry bread of bondage, and when did we ever give him an audience or hold council with him at the Capitol? No woman's scalp, no children's brains, no loot of settlers' cottages burned to the ground in foray, rested upon his hands. And yet had a delegation of black men asked the courtesy of representing their wrongs to the Executive of the nation, what administration could have stood up against the public clamor?"

The Toledo Index takes to itself the remark we made that "Mr. Lincoln in his early days fell among these thieves of faith." We don't object to its application, and refer as a proof of our assertion to a Word of no especial authority with it, but of considerable of all truly religious souls. As it is seeking to pass itself off as of this class, it may properly consider these words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door." Will it consider what Christ pronounced these robbers of faith and souls? It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master.

## MOTES.

The Western gives an analysis of Rev. John Noon's late plea in THE HERALD for woman preaching, and adds: "His paper, though it may not be absolutely convincing, is sprightly and well-considered." If John Wesley's ecclesiastical actions were absolute authority in our Church, the argument of Bro. Noon would be absolutely convincing; for they show conclusively his use, approval, and regulation of female preaching; these preachers being advised, encouraged, and trained like their brethren. It was the age after Wesley that silenced the sisters. The next age will return to the first, and restore woman to the sphere to which our Master has called them, and our founder so wisely respected.

The New York Observer should note this error of Jean Paul:—

"To insure modesty I would advise the educating of the sexes together, for two boys will preserve twelve girls, or two girls twelve boys, innocent amidst winks, jokes and improprieties, merely by that instinctive sense which is the forerunner of matured modesty. But I will guaranty nothing in a school where girls are alone together, and still less where boys are."

A good story is this, and well illustrates the assurance of faith:—

"One day when Bonaparte was reviewing some troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand, and the horse galloped off. A common soldier ran; and, laying hold of the bridle, brought back the horse to the Emperor's hand, when he said to the man: 'Well done, captain.' The soldier inquired, 'Of what regiment, sire?' 'Of the guards,' answered Napoleon, pleased with his instant belief in his word. The Emperor rode off; the soldier threw down his musket, and, though he had no epaulettes on his shoulders, no sword by his side, nor any other mark of advancement, he ran and joined the staff of commanding officers. They laughed at him and said, 'What have you to do here?' He replied, 'I am captain of the guards.' They were amazed, but he said, 'The Emperor has said so, and therefore I am.' In like manner, through the word of God, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life,' is not confirmed by the feelings of the believer; he ought to take the word of God as true because He has said it, and thus honor Him as a God of truth, and rejoice with joy unspeakable."

College and village boat and base ball clubs will please make a note of this:—

Goldwin Smith does not believe that the highest intellectual culture and muscular development go together; there may be a more uniformly balanced organization, but special efforts in any one direction are thereby sacrificed. He is not the first thoughtful and observing man who has reached a similar conclusion.

Let the boys cultivate their brains. Their feet will not then be of their feet, but of their opposite, and to most people, more important extremity.

REGRETFUL.—Mrs. Howe, in The Woman's Journal, commends the free religionists, and says that "Christolatry, the worship of the person of Christ, and Bibliolatry, the superstition of the Bible, are at the present day inimical to the pursuit of Christ's doctrine."

Such words in such a journal, will not help the cause it is set to advocate.

My thirdest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:  
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

Doesn't the world move, though? The New York Observer is praising Wendell Phillips!

The biggest joke of the season is Mayor Hall of New York, in the name of his Irish constituency, denouncing the Chinese invasion, and declaring that they had fought to put down slavery. The men that hung their fellow-citizens to the lamp-post must have rejoiced at such a boast of their leader.

Henry Ward Beecher evidently entertains no very exalted opinion of perfect people; for he says they ought to be taken to heaven or the insane asylum. One of the speakers at the National Camp-meeting at Hamilton said he could not quite see why he should put these places together. In response, Father Colman dryly and in under tone observed, that he did not know the difference between them.

The Congregationalist in noticing our entrance into our new building, adds: "We tender the denomination in New England our hearty congratulations."

We hope the time will soon come when its new Congregational House shall be erected, and we can reciprocate its good will.

The Toledo Index says "there is a great deal of free religion in The Independent." It ought to know, for that is its sole meat and drink. We fear its instinct does not err, this time.

"Silver to silver 'll creep and wind,  
And kind to kind."

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

A bright girl it was who said to her mother, "I believe I shall be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you ever expect to become a duchess?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure."

## PERSONAL.

Mrs. Clemmer Ames, in The Independent, thus speaks of Mrs. Henry Wilson in terms of just and judicious eulogy:—

"Within the last week the body of one who has been laid in her native earth whose lovely presence will long be missed in Washington. Mrs. Wilson, the wife of Senator Wilson, went out from among us in the fair May days, and the places which have known her here so long and so pleasantly will know her, save in memory, no more forever. She was a gentle, Christian woman. I have never yet found words rich enough to tell of that such a woman is. My pen lingers lovingly upon her name. I would fain say something of her who now lives beyond the meed of all human praise that would make her example more beautiful and enduring to the living. For, in profounder intellectual development resulting from wider culture and larger opportunity, are we in no danger of losing sight of those graces of the spirit which, however exalted her fate, must remain to the end the supreme charm of woman? There is nothing in all the universe so sweet as a Christian woman; as she who has received into her heart, till it shines forth in her character and life, the love of the Divine Master. Such a woman was Mrs. Wilson in this gay capital. When great sorrow fell upon her, and ceaseless suffering, the light from the heavenly places fell upon her face; with an angel's patience and a childlike smile, and an unfaltering faith, she went down into the valley of shadows. She possessed a keen and wide intelligence. She was conversant with public questions, and interested in all those movements of the day in which her husband takes so prominent a part. Retiring by nature, she avoided instinctively all ostentatious display; but where help and encouragement was needed by another the latent power of her character sprang into life, and then she proved herself equal to great executive effort. No one can praise her so eloquently as he who loved her and knew her best. To hear Senator Wilson speak of his wife when he taught her, a little girl, in school; when he married her, 'the loveliest girl in all the country'; when he received into his heart the fragrance of her daily example; when he watched over her dying, only to marvel at the endurance and sweetness and sunshine of her patience, is to learn what a force for spiritual development, what a ceaseless inspiration was this wife to her husband. Precious to those who live is the legacy of such a life."

Rev. Mr. Owen who was stationed at Somerville a few years since, and went to California for his health, has just returned to New England. He is in good condition, soul and body, and proposes to take work on the Eastern shore, as he has on the Western. We welcome him to his old home.

A foreign correspondent of The Tribune thus describes Mr. Dickens in private life:—

"He was a most benevolent man. Irritable in his temperament, whimsical in his manner of working, being able to write only under certain conditions or in certain places, utterly unable to endure the presence of some uncongenial persons, even of those most nearly related to him, seeming at times harsh and capricious, and separated in one way or other from many of his early friends, he was yet full of kindness, helpfulness, and generosity. He was, I think, especially kind and helpful to Americans, and papers from American writers were often, I am sure, accepted by him to the exclusion of equally good, perhaps better ones, from others. He had, also, a great liking for France and the French, and was fond of going to little French towns and living among the peasantry."

Judge Bradwell, of Chicago, at a Woman's Suffrage Convention in Iowa, speaking of the reason why the Wyoming jury women did not sit on more criminal cases, remarked, that "a Methodist minister, who is the husband of one of the women who sat upon that jury, said the reason was this: In Wyoming they have a law that in criminal cases the lawyer for the criminal can object to twenty jurors without giving any reason, and after the lawyers there found out that the women were determined to convict criminals, and bring them to justice, whenever a woman would come up, these lawyers for the criminal would say to the women, 'stand aside'—they didn't want them. The women got rid of sitting on juries because their standard of morality is too high."

Dr. Bellows, who was looked upon as the leader of the orthodox wing of his body, thus "went in" for keeping the extremists of infidels in his fold, at the late annual meeting of his Association. How can he now say, as he did in reply to Mr. Beecher, that those who denied Christian New Testament Unitarianism left that fold of themselves. He urges them to stay, and prevents their exorcism. The speaker that followed him naturally lauded Theodore Parker, and the Radical club. Note his confession, that all these, Messrs. Abbot, Frothingham, Wason, Potter, — which last was an active participant in the debates of the Association, — are in their body, and he is glad to have them. Alas for a so-called Christian body, that rejoices in such membership. He thus pleads for his free religion brethren:—

"Suppose you cut off by your creed (as you must) either side of the denomination; suppose you cut off the older conservative side, and by cutting them off you leave your body without spiritual eyes, for you would to a very great extent, — what would you have to cut off next? The so-called 'Free Religionists,' by any creed that this body is prepared to accept. Suppose you cut them off; what have you left? God knows I do not like many of their statements, but I am glad to have them in the Unitarian body. I believe a large part of the spiritual life of the denomination lies in the very men whose theological opinions many of us would utterly reject, and I should like to point you to some little fact. You would cut off among the very first the man who has given the fullest answer in the Unitarian debate to Mr. Abbot's position of denial or delimitation of the faith in a personal God, and in the Christianity of a living Church, — and that is Mr. Wason; and if there is any man who has tackled the subject of Mr. Abbot's opinions, and maulled them with a sledge-hammer to be felt to the end of the question, it is the drubbing that gentleman's views have received in the last Radical, at the hands of Mr. D. A. Wason. Let us keep these men among us; don't let us drive away any of the men who for any reason are in their own consciences, and in their own hearts, able to work with us, and willing to work with us."

## The Methodist Church.

Will our ministerial and other brethren, please send us any items of religious interest in their churches. They will be gratefully acknowledged. Each can help us keep these columns full of fresh local knowledge. You alone can inform us respecting the points of Christian interest in your own church and neighborhood. Please send them as soon as they occur. We do not confine this request to any one section, but shall be happy to receive information from any part of the country, and from any section of the Church.

## MAINE ITEMS.

Our Conference Minutes have come to us a little earlier, perhaps, than usual, but defaced by errors, which made us wish a little more time and pains had been taken to prepare and correct them. Attention should be called to a few of them. First is the reiterated statement that the "final vote on Lay Delegation stands 60 to 31. The truth is, and it can be proved, it stood 61 years, 30 nays."



"Woodforde-Corner" appears in the statistical tables, and no such charge appears in the appointments either of this or the last year. In one of the tables the "whole estimate" for preachers support in that charge is stated to be \$1,000 which is at least \$200 more than ever the estimate has been even nominally. "Pleasant Street, Portland" appears in the appointments and Missionary appropriations, but not in the tables.

In the table headed "Itinerary of the Maine Conference," etc., B. Foster is reported as having been stationed at Kendall's Mills, in 1861-2, whereas, in the latter year, he was at Union Street, Bangor, and W. H. Strout at Kendall's Mills.

But the greatest number of needless blunders is in the "Alphabetical List of the Members" on pages 34 and 35. The list was bad enough last year. It is worse this. Anthony D. Dexter, appears in this list as a deacon. His name appears nowhere else in the Minutes, either as supernumerary, superannuated, or effective.

John M. Howes, and John F. Hutchins, are reported here as effective deacons, in full; on page 12 as probationers.

Emerson H. McKenney is here reported as an elder, but was last year ordained deacon, and has not been elected to elders' orders. His name is also omitted from the list of deacons on page 12.

John H. Pillsbury, ordained deacon and admitted to full connection this year is reported elder. J. J. W. Simpson here reported deacon appears nowhere else.

Joseph A. Strout writes his name John. He is here reported a deacon, but his name cannot be found in either of the lists of deacons on pages 6-12.

James O. Thompson, reported deacon, received elders' ordination last year at Saccarappa.

Joseph P. Weeks, reported deacon was ordained elder at the same time and place, v. minutes for 1869 p. 12.

C. C. Whitney, reported an elder for years before, as well as in this list, is a deacon only. W. H. H. Pillsbury, included in the list of probationers, was admitted to full connection and ordained elder.

H. L. Linscott, P. O. address reported Kent's Hill, has been, for a year or more, a resident of Kansas. It will be seen from the examination of this table also that the answers to many of the disciplinary questions on page 12 are wretchedly defective.

If it is worth while to have the Minutes published, or the records of the Conference preserved, it is certainly worth while to have a little more attention paid to accuracy than appears to have been paid in this case.

The old academy at Gethell's Corner, Vassalboro, on the Kennebec River, in a place beautiful for situation, has been remodeled into a Methodist church, and will be dedicated in a few days. The academy was formerly under the control, I think, of the Baptists. At least a preacher of that persuasion was principal. This is an occasion of rejoicing to those who love our Zion, for spiritism and indifference have done much evil in the beautiful, but somewhat slow village above mentioned.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

Some readers of the HERALD think that this gleaner wrote an item on the condition of the New Market church, which appeared in the issue of June 16th. This is a wild mistake. We charge that generous piece of work on a Reverend predecessor, who resides now near Phillips Academy.

In the Concord church, a number have been baptized within a few weeks, and a large company that were saved during the past year, will soon be taken into full connection. The brethren have adopted the plan of one sermon on the Sabbath, during the warm weather, and they have voted their pastor, Rev. E. A. Titus, a vacation of four weeks.

The Trustees of the Conference Seminary at Tilton, have renewed the old lease for one year, retaining the same faculty with Rev. L. D. Barrows as President. In the M. E. Church in this place, some souls have been seeking the Saviour since Conference, and others have gone forward in Baptism. A thoughtful but unknown giver, sent the pastor, Rev. C. E. Millen, ten dollars to pay his expenses in attending the National Camp-meeting at Hamilton. He with others can say, it was good to be there.

In Rochester, God has greatly blessed the church and people under the labors of Rev. L. P. Cushman. He is now on his third year, and a good degree of interest is still being manifest among the unsaved.

The ordinance of baptism has been a frequent occurrence, and it has not been a strange sound to hear sinners crying for mercy. Some intemperate men have experienced a great change, and illustrate in their lives the power of the Gospel to save. Within a few weeks past, a man who was an habitual drinker of ardent spirits, and whose wife was a Roman Catholic, called on the pastor and made known his desire to reform his life. The total abstinence pledge was offered, and he signed it. Christ was offered as the only hope of salvation; and the man accepted him with faith, and he was saved. In a short time his wife was awakened, and she too embraced the Saviour, and now enjoys the great salvation. And they are both expecting to see their child saved in the same way.

The church in Methuen has been struggling for an existence under very discouraging circumstances for several years. They are a poor people, who willingly do all they are able, to help themselves. But their resources are not equal to the demands of their situation. They have a comfortable parsonage, which they have built within the last three years, but they are without a house of worship. They have purchased a piece of land in a central location, and are now trying to secure enough of funds to erect a church edifice, which shall

be in harmony with weak finances, and yet meet as near as possible the exigencies of their case.

Their pastor, Rev. J. Noyes, is now canvassing the churches in different parts of the conference soliciting help. In the mean time the society worships in the Town Hall, but they are located in a populous village and surrounded by a great many people who are in sympathy with Methodism, but who are drawn away by good churches in other denominations with their manifold conveniences and attractions, and in some instances they absent themselves from worship altogether.

All Methodism in Methuen needs now is a little help from stronger churches, while in this critical condition. It is a promising field, and all that is given will yield a rich return of goodness to men. Both pastor and people have taken hold of this work with a commendable zeal and liberality. Their cry is, Help us! The Conference at its last session, by a unanimous vote, recommended their interest to the favor of all the churches. Let those who have the heart and means to help a worthy society, send their greenbacks, one or more, a small amount or large, to Rev. J. Noyes, Methuen, Mass., and may many blessings fall on all the givers.

#### PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

##### NAST GREENWICH SEMINARY.

The catalogue of this flourishing school is before me, a fine pamphlet of thirty pages. The itinerary has been worked to perfection in the principalship of this academy. In sixty-eight years it has had thirty-one principals. The average time of each in office has been two years, two months, and nine days. The retiring principal, Rev. J. T. Edwards, A. M., has the honor of having continued six years in office, which is longer than any other, excepting Abner Alden, A. M., the first, who served an equal term.

Rev. Mr. Edwards' term has been very important in the history of the school. Constant prosperity has attended every department under his energetic administration. The old debt was lifted by contributions, the ministers of the Conference giving five thousand dollars towards eighteen thousand. Last year the old, dilapidated boarding hall was remodeled and put in most excellent condition. It is both beautiful and comfortable. Great credit is due the beloved principal and his wife for their untiring energy for the prosperity of the school. Few combine so rare a gift for teaching with so wise a gift for business as Bro. Edwards.

The present prudential managers are giving unusual attention to the domestic department. A thorough renovation is going on in the kitchen and dining-hall. The new steward and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burlingame of this city, bring with them an experience gained in one of the finest schools for young ladies in New England. Mrs. B. is the daughter of Father Fifield of Centerville, a lady of rare ability for this very difficult work. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." The following donations will materially aid in this department, and indicate that these men have an eye to the detail:—

Chairs (in place of penitentiary stools), by Pardon M. Stone, Providence.

Table linen, including napkins, Rev. S. C. Browne, D. D., of Warren, and J. Smith of Fall River.

Fine plated cutlery, Geo. F. Gavitt of Taunton, and H. Aylesworth of Providence.

Fine plated spoons, D. Wilcox, Providence.

" " castors, Rev. L. D. Davis and J. T. Edwards.

Goblets, Rev. C. H. Titus, Warren.

Gas fixtures and other necessary articles by friends of whom we shall be glad to know the names.

May the good work go on.

A letter from London announces Rev. John Livesey as having a happy time amid the old associations of his boyhood. He expects to sail for Boston August 21.

After a two days' battle with the Board of Aldermen, licenses are being granted, and the city is pocketing the "blood money" with as much satisfaction as ever Nero gladdened himself in the blood of Christians.

A very fine excursion of the Chestnut Street and Broadway Sabbath-schools, including car-ride, clam-bake, singing, and a good time generally, occurred on the 7th.

The revival continues at Trinity, fifteen having sought the Lord in the past two weeks.

Eight hundred dollars will complete the raising of the subscription at Mystic Bridge, Conn. May the Lord send them the eight hundred.

The following resolution was unanimously passed by the trustees of the Providence Conference Seminary:—

Resolved, That we are highly gratified with the placing in the chapel of the Seminary of an excellent organ, which has been procured through the efforts of Rev. J. T. Edwards, Principal, without expense to us as a Board of Trustees. Our thanks are also due to Mr. George Stevens, of East Cambridge, Mass., the builder of the organ, for the favorable terms on which he has exchanged the new organ for the old; and we are glad to express our appreciation of the excellent mechanism, the superior tone, and the beautiful finish of the instrument.

#### DEDICATION AT WAYNESBORO, GA.

The cause of God has been a glorious success in Waynesboro, Burke Co., Ga.

With the blessing of God we have been enabled during the six months past to build a good parsonage. And with the help of a despised government been enabled to build a church edifice 45x30, and have now in the day school some 60 or 70, and in the evening school some 20 or 30 of the mixed race of Georgia, climbing rapidly the hill of letters; leaving many of their despisers far below. The house is yet in a rough condition; but it is dedicated to God, and thus far the hills are paid, and a deed given to the freedmen in the face of all the

falsehoods of the enemies of God and human progress. And what is more still, it is a free house, on free soil, with free seats.

The dedication occurred May 29th. Rev. Bro. J. W. Jackson of Philadelphia, was expected to preach the dedicatory sermon. We had the privilege of seeing, but not of hearing him on the occasion, on account of sickness. Hence, the lot fell upon the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. Spilman, who evidently "remembered" the source of his strength and "showed himself a man;" "our enemies themselves being judges."

Now if the public North and South will give us a thousand dollars to help finish the inside of this house, and to start a Biblical school for the benefit of many of the Ministers in this Conference, that we may keep in the lead of the children instead of falling in the rear, verily, such "shall never lose their reward." To be here a while is to feel the pressing necessity of a Biblical school in the South.

This is a rich soil, in which there are great opportunities of depositing gospel seed.

God is doing a great work among the colored of this country. At every point, and at every sermon we try to preach, by invitation, souls come forward groaning for salvation. Thirty at a time in two places. Twenty, last evening, at Satilla Mills, Ga. And the glory of God upon my own soul, as I have not experienced for years.

#### LETTER FROM SABATOGA.

The human tide begins to flow into this famous summer resort. The magnificent Union Hotel, whose dining-room will seat one thousand guests, approaches completion. It is the largest and most elegant hotel in the world, and is to be the head-quarters of the pleasure-loving and of the sporting fraternity generally. Congress Hall, opposite, will attract more of the quieter sort, and religious people from the wealthy classes.

The Methodist church is about to erect a new and beautiful edifice upon the site of the present one, 60 by 75 feet, at a cost of not less than \$50,000, of which \$36,000 are already subscribed. It is to seat one thousand persons. The style will be Gothic, and when completed, the structure will be the finest sanctuary, not only in the town, but in Eastern New York, out of the larger cities.

Dr. Hamilton, chairman of the building committee, who has for many years been an efficient leader and in all respects an active layman, continues to achieve wonders in the treatment of the chronically sick, at his "Medical Institute," open the year round for guests. It is the home, not only of Methodist clergymen, but those of other denominations, for whom his charges are low, and indeed to all very reasonable. The situation of the "Crescent," as it is also called, is unsurpassed. We commend it to the sick and weary, for its quiet healthfulness and religious influence.

The Camp-meeting at Round Lake commenced June 21. The spot is exceedingly beautiful. The clear waters, the primeval forest, the tents and tasteful cottages, make the scene externally charming, while spiritually, the services have been successful. Last Sabbath there were between four and five thousand present. Rev. Dr. Peck preached a powerful sermon on Saturday, and the love-feast on Sunday was an occasion of great interest.

The Church in Salt Lake City, under the pastoral care of Rev. G. M. Pierce, is flourishing. The congregations are good. Many Mormons attend. They intend to proceed at once to the erection of a house of worship. It is the first step towards the recovery of that land from its shame and sins. Among the Trustees are two U. S. Judges, U. S. Surgeon General, Postmaster, U. S. Marshal, and Land Agent. Many of the visitors attend worship there. May it be a glorious success.

UNIFORM LESSONS FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.—At a meeting of the Normal Department Committee of the Sunday-School Union of the M. E. Church, on Monday, June 20, the subject of a uniform Sunday-school lesson for the whole country having been brought before the Committee, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, 1. That the further consideration of our Bureau Lesson list for 1871, already announced to the public, be postponed for four weeks, to afford opportunity for consultation with Committees from other Sunday-School Unions or organizations in reference to a uniform course of Sunday-school lessons for all the denominations in 1871.

Resolved, 2. That the Rev. J. M. Freeman, of our Normal Department, (post office address, Jersey City, N. J.) be a Committee to represent the Sunday-school Union of the M. E. Church in such consultation.

#### Educational.

Amenia Seminary has arisen from its ashes. Under the charge of Rev. Mr. Frost it has got back to almost its ancient numbers. Over two hundred students have been on its list last year. It has accommodations for both gentlemen and lady boarders, and is well equipped in its faculty. Few schools are as beautifully located. The scenery is very fine, society good, influence healthful. If you wish for a good place for your children to be educated, direct to Rev. Mr. Frost, Amenia, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

The Northwestern University sends a bulky pamphlet of fifty-five pages, a Chicago growth in size and substance. It gives two columns of officers, and fifteen of students. It omits the Garrett Institute, which ought to be incorporated in the University. The classes grow, the lower being of good Eastern size. Medicine, Law, and Theological Schools are already under way,—the Law to be opened this fall. Success is sure to the Northwestern.



## The Christian World

## MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv. 21.

**THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT INCREASING.**—Eighty years ago nothing was raised for foreign missions. There are now 86 missionary societies, and 40,000 missionaries in the field; the Gospel is preached in 15,000 localities in the heathen world; \$5,000,000 is annually collected to sustain them; 687,000 converts are enrolled in Africa, and 713,000 in Asia.

Bishop Thompson in his late work, entitled "Our Oriental Missions," which by the way, should be read by every member of the Church, says:—"The most important points in the world are manned. One hundred missionaries witness the downfall of Fetishism in Madagascar. Eight hundred native preachers, and twenty thousand communicants confront it in the South Seas; twenty thousand in South Africa, and fifteen thousand in West Africa; a hundred native churches confront Mohammedanism in Turkey and Persia; six hundred missionaries assail Brahminism in India, and one hundred and seventy-four missionaries attack Buddhism in its strongholds in China." Let the Church look at the vast mission field—see what is done to save the heathen, and rejoice. Then resolve that the missionary force shall be doubled at once—it can and should be done.

**ASSAM.**—Our Baptist friends are reaping a glorious harvest in this field. Mr. Stoddard, one of the missionaries, is cheered and encouraged everywhere. In one village the Bible reader is dead, and they beg him with tears to send them "just one Christian brother to read, and teach the Bible words." Within one month forty had been baptized. Mr. Comfort, another missionary, makes a tour among the Garos, and saw great and glorious things. He meets Mr. Stoddard, and they visit the different villages, and they ascertained that during the whole history of the Garo Mission, all received to the Church had remained steadfast but two. Everywhere the truth is spreading. The Lord is doing a great work among the Garos of Assam.

**MADAGASCAR.**—How greatly has Christianity triumphed here. The history of its wonderful triumph is given in the "Martyr Church, a narrative of the Introduction, Progress and Triumph of Christianity in Madagascar," by Rev. Wm. Ellis, and issued by the "Congregational Sabbath-school and Publishing Society"—a work that no Christian should fail to read. What vast numbers were put to death—suffered death in various forms, but how triumphant! they shouted and praised God to the last. The bloody queen has gone to her account, and the present queen is an earnest Christian, and is doing what she can to aid the London Missionary Society in Christianizing the entire population. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

**THE BIBLE IN INDIA.**—The Bible is making wonderful progress in India, the whole Bible being published in fourteen of its principal languages, the whole New Testament in five others, and some books of the Old and New Testament in seven more, so that the Word of God, in whole or in part, is printed in no less than twenty-six of the living languages of India.

**LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—This is one of the most efficient and successful missionary organizations in the world. It publishes the *Chronicle*, a monthly periodical, containing a record of its proceedings at home and abroad. This Society has under its control 160 native churches, containing 35,400 members of whom 13,000 are in Polynesia, nearly 500 in the West Indies, over 5,000 in South Africa, and 3,400 in India. The converts under the care of the Society speak twenty-six different languages. It has 166 European missionaries—1,200 native assistants, 80 of whom are ordained.

**SAMOA.**—This is the present name of what were formerly known as "Navigators' Islands," ten in number, and have a population of about 35,000. The Gospel has achieved extraordinary triumphs on these islands, within about thirty years. They now report 5,000 native converts, and more than 200 native preachers. They contribute \$10,000 annually for the support of the native teachers, and have sent several of their number as missionaries to other islands.

**TURKEY.**—Rev. C. E. Wheeler gives most interesting intelligence in the *Missionary Herald*, respecting the work of God in the district from 10 to 40 miles south of Harpoot. He says:—

"Twelve years ago there was not one church with a native pastor in all this district, and those who professed love for the Gospel were doing nothing for its support. Now there are sixteen such churches, eight of them fully self-supporting, and all so nearly so that the \$3,012 (gold) annual expense for support of pastors and schools, they pay \$2,670, with our proportion continually decreasing. Then, we had but eight out-stations; now, ten times that number; of the total expense of occupying which the people are paying two fifths. Then, the eight were occupied by uneducated men, in whose place we now have a force of 112 pastors, preachers, and other helpers, of whom 32 are graduates of the Theological Seminary, and about as many more have partially completed their course of study, while the remainder are far more intelligent than were the best in those days; and the good work is still going on."

**INDIA.**—The *Herald* has an interesting article on the Rashmo Somaj, the great religious development, attracting so much attention at the present time. It says:—

"Those who once believed the movement must eventuate in the Gospel, have been disappointed. Time has shown that, per se, it has no real affinity with the Gospel, and that its direct influence is certainly not to prepare men to receive the Gospel. There is too much reason to fear that many of the most advanced members of the Somaj are further from the truth now than they were years ago. In regard to the future of the movement, we agree with the remark of a Calcutta missionary, Mr. Grant, who was present at the opening of the new church. 'One of two things,' he says, 'must happen ere many years—either, (1) the movement will gather sufficient vitality to itself to burst the hard shell of negation in which it is now enmeshed, to accept in form, as it shows signs already of accepting in spirit, the positive doctrines of Christianity, and so gradually work out a true Theistic Christian Church of India, of native growth, and not of foreign importation; or, (2) the highest and most spiritual minds will grow dissatisfied, drop off, seek life elsewhere, and gradually develop in the, at present, native Christian Church a more earnest tone and more national form.'"

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**LOCAL PREACHERS.**—The Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association of England, held a meeting last month at Northampton, on which occasion some very able addresses were made; among the brightest speakers was Mr. S. D. Waddy, B. A., (the President of the Association for the year), from whose remarks we make the following selections:—

"New I am quite prepared to say that I know no body of men against whom it is easier to point the finger of scorn, than lay preachers. It is a very easy thing indeed. I could do it myself if I liked. (Laughter.) I do not think it is my duty to do so; I am sure it would not be my delight. (Hear.) It is easy to sneer at us as 'low calls'—(laughter)—though, for my part, I cannot find 'high' authority for the existence of a 'low' call and a 'high' call. My abilities are less and my labors fewer than those of some other men whom I revere and love, but I know of only one call to preach the Gospel. Similarly we are told that we are a race of 'stop-gaps,' which is quite true, but not new—(laughter)—and people often say to us, 'Ye take too much upon yourselves, ye sons of Levi,' which is, I hope, neither new nor true. (Renewed laughter.) People have not much pity on our feelings certainly; they tell us to our faces that we are very poor sticks. Well! we have found that out a long time ago. I don't see that all this is relevant to the question of whether we ought to go to the workhouse. To say that because we have preached some poor sermons in our time, we must starve when we are old, is a hard measure which would probably hit some other people hard beside the local preachers. And, without attempting to controvert the opinions and facts of these grumblers, I do protest against their practice. I frankly admit that we do not and cannot preach like those whose lives are consecrated to the service of the sanctuary. It is not our regular profession or trade. And I suspect that if these grumblers were set to work at something out of their own trade, they would not make much out. (Hear, hear.) For instance, if some of you were suddenly set to try your skill at the profession I have to practice during the six days, I fancy you would probably make a mess of it. (Laughter.) And it is rather hard that after we have worked manfully, and in most cases with tolerable efficiency, for six days at the work to which we have been trained, people should be so disgusted at us for our efforts during the seventh day at the work for which we have not been trained, but to which we have been called. . . .

"I remember that when I first began to preach, being then very young and very meek both in appearance and fact—(laughter)—I was sent to supply at a small chapel near Sheffield for one of the best of local preachers, a godly, wise, and clever man. As I went up towards the chapel I saw a large proportion of my congregation standing outside waiting for Mr. Dyson. As I came up one of them came towards me, after some small commotion in the crowd which my sinking heart told me was caused by their dissatisfaction at Brother Dyson's absence. Standing straight in my path, he asked me gruffly, 'Be you coming to preach?' (Laughter.) I felt that I was not wanted—that I was a very young 'local' and a very poor one, and that they had seen through me and found me out already. (Laughter.) So I answered in a very mild tone of voice, intended to appease them, that I was going to try, and I urged, rather plaintively, that Brother Dyson was very ill and unable to come, and I was not a choice therefore between Mr. Dyson and me, but between me and nobody. (Laughter.) The good man—good, though perhaps hardly kind, like some others I have been speaking about, eyed me slowly from head to foot, and then turned away, saying, with an air of resignation, 'Well, ye are better than nowt.' (Renewed laughter.) Now, that is just the position of Methodism generally. We may not be good for much; we do not pretend to be wonderful preachers; but we are 'better than nowt,' and, if the Church did not employ us, it would have 'nowt' (laughter and 'hear, hear.') And as we are a necessity, so we are a fact. . . .

"Sabbath after Sabbath these men are toiling on the day of rest, when all others may rest but they cannot. Their pastors may perhaps be excused from a constant attention to pastoral work on the ground of feeling 'Monday-ish.' Local preachers have not time to feel 'Monday-ish,' but day by day in secular work and Sabbath by Sabbath in religious labors they spend their energy and health, and they have a right to come to the Church for help when struck down by disease, or worn out with toil and age. This is the special work and duty of this Society. It is large enough without assuming further responsibilities towards other classes of men, however deserving. While then we try to do our best for the worn-out men who have tramped miles and miles to preach the Gospel in a rough way, perhaps, but a way that has been owned of God, for the men whose limbs have become feeble and whose hair has become gray in the service of the Church, we throw upon the Church the duty not to allow those gray hairs to be brought down with sorrow to the grave. It would be an unworthy, nay, an unwholy thing if that Church, in whose behalf these men have toiled, spent their lives, and hastened their deaths, should let them pine in grievous want, or hide their destitution in the workhouse, die a pauper's death, and have a pauper's burial, unhonored and forgotten by those to whom they have been the instruments of dispensing the richest blessings of Almighty God. (Applause.)"

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL STATISTICS.**—To secure correct reports from our Sunday-schools it will be necessary for the Pastors of the several churches to remember,

1. That the old blanks for Sunday-school statistics are annulled, and that the only report to be made to the Conference must be in accordance with the list of questions below.
2. That new blanks have been sent to the Secretaries of the several Annual Conferences in quantities sufficient for all the preachers.
3. That in case of failure by any preacher to receive his blank, it would be well to cut out the list below and prepare a written report in accordance with it.
4. That the questions now asked require an unusual degree of carefulness on the part of Pastors and Superintendents, that the reports may be as accurate as possible.

1. Name of Conference.
2. District.

3. Appointment.
4. Name and address of Presiding Elder.
5. Name and address of preacher in charge.
1. Number of schools.
2. Number of officers and teachers.
3. Total number of scholars of all ages.
4. Number of scholars over fifteen years of age.
5. Number of scholars under fifteen, except infant class.
6. Number of scholars in infant class.
7. Average attendance of teachers and scholars in whole school.
8. Number of library books.
9. Total expenses of schools this year.
10. Amount raised for Sunday-school Union of the M. E. Church.
11. Number of Sunday-school Advocates taken.
12. Number of Sunday-school Journals taken.
13. Number of officers and teachers who are church members or probationers.
14. Number of scholars who are church members or probationers.
15. Number of conversions this year. J. H. VINCENT.

## Our Social Meeting.

A good statement on a good theme is this of Rev. E. C. Basson.

## WHAT COLLEGE?

This has been the often asked question with many a young man in the last few months. It may be the question still with some.

Various reasons determine the answer. 1. A college very near home (and only because of its nearness) is annually chosen by many. Proximity to home is an important matter bearing on the expense.

2. Cheapest board, lowest or free tuition, and ready opportunities to turn the spare time to money are weighty considerations with those whose pockets are very light.

3. Some are influenced in their choice by the reputation of the college—wishing to be graduated where the name of the college will guarantee them place and eminence among men at once.

4. Some elect to go where friends before them have gone.

5. Some, having already chosen a life work, choose the college best furnished with helps in that department.

6. And very many elect their Alma Mater on denominational grounds.

7. While a few, happily and in time awake to the worthy idea of making the most of themselves, ask for the best educating college.

Upon one or two of these considerations we wish to say a word. No. 3 is very plausible to many at about the time they come to the question "What college?" Young men naturally expect to have something done when they get into the world, and they wish to pre-empt a position most favorable for the doing of it. Such aspirants are easily persuaded that the old, wealthy, far-famed college will give passports to highest eminence. They are mistaken. It is not the college, not the diploma, but the man, that wins in this land and age. Not the mill in which the grist was ground, but the quality of the product. And the man that chooses his college for reason of the honor and position supposed to inhere in its diploma is very likely to disappoint himself and become of no credit to the college. Men that go into the world bolstered up always come down in finding their level.

In this driving age the graduate is not often asked, "Where was you graduated?" But "what can you do?" is the inquiry. And, if you can do it, a diploma from "Brush College" will command as high a premium as any other. We once listened to Senator Edmunds in response to some sentiment at a Commencement dinner, when he quoted at length from an old Latin author, and quoted with such telling effect as probably no graduate from President to youngest A. B. could equal. And Senator Edmunds's best literary advantages were in an Academy of very limited helps to the student and less extended name.

It is a great advantage to spend the student years where the denominational influences are congenial. One goes thence into active life so much more acquainted with men and things in the circle in which he will move through life.

A Methodist in a strongly Congregational college feels like one away from home. Yet for the good of the one church, true and invisible, it might wonderfully help along the millennium of right feeling, if half of the Methodist undergraduates would change places with a like number with Congregational preferences, and this state of things continue for 20 years.

But the grists are worth more than the mill—the man is worth more than the college—and the church would be of little worth except for its embodiment of the best manhood.

The question is not one of dollars and cents—personal aggrandizement is unworthy as a consideration—and man was not made for the church. What college offers best helps in becoming the fullest, most symmetrical, completest man possible? This is the question. The sentiment of every young man should be—"I must make the most of myself for the good of the world and the glory of God." Entering any college and pursuing its curriculum with this sentiment the young man will honor his Alma Mater, and whoever thus honors his college, will not lack due honor in turn.

And the supreme importance of this sentiment in deciding "what college?" is seen when the relations of the two worlds are considered. The student is not being educated for this short life only or chiefly. That higher service, to which at death God calls the faithful, will doubtless be diversified. The one talent will have its honorable and indispensable place—the ten will have no lack of service. The service of God forever requires that we make the most of ourselves. Let the high considerations of eternity have place with every young man who is so favored as to have four years with books in college walls.

There is no doubt that Methodist young men would feel happier and be not less instructed at Methodist colleges. If only the Methodist students to-day in New England colleges were at Middletown it would have the largest number of students, except two, of any of our colleges; if those of all its patronizing territory were there it would give these two a race for the headship. Every one of our scholars educated elsewhere, injures his church and does not improve himself. We have long been the fourth in its students, only three excelling it. If our own young men will go there this year they can make it well nigh the first. No spot of equal beauty has any other New England college, no superior advantages has any of them.



This we know by a thorough and protracted examination of the very chiefest of them. East or West it cannot be excelled in teachers or teaching.

D. S. King, esq., makes some corrections, and adds some items to our historic paper on the HERALD.

You say that "after ministers had started the first Methodist paper in the world and failed to sustain it, a layman, single-handed, Aaron Lummus, of Lynn, undertook the job." The ministers and the people sustained the paper well, it was popular and prosperous. But after the Book Concern started the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the agents wanted the HERALD. And the fact that they paid ten thousand dollars for it (I think that was the price) is the best kind of evidence that the HERALD had been well sustained. The desire to have an able and well sustained central paper for the whole Church undoubtedly had great influence with the managing men in consenting to the sale. And an additional motive with the New England Conference preachers was to render immediate, and what was then considered essential aid to the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. The share of the profits belonging to the N. E. Conference was appropriated to the benefit of that institution. One third of the purchase money was paid to it, amounting to \$3,333. The third belonging to the Maine Conference was declined. I write from memory, I have no access at present to records. But I am confident that the sum paid was ten thousand dollars, to be divided between the New England, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont Conferences, one third each. At any rate, I know that the Wesleyan Association refunded to the Book Concern about the amount of thirty-three hundred and thirty-three dollars, in such sums as could be spared from time to time.

Aaron Lummus was not a layman, but a member of the New England Conference. He was stationed at Pembroke. He recommended the publication of the HERALD, Oct. 7, 1829. Aaron Joslyn supplied his place. In 1830 his appointment was merely nominal. — Roxbury. Mr. Lummus was a man of good editorial abilities, allowing his paper to speak for him. He was an interesting writer. He had already published a valuable work on "Sanctification" for the more devout, and also a work for second class Christians, styled, I believe, "Travels of Dr. Caleb." As a financier he must have had courage amounting almost to temerity. Mr. Lummus soon engaged Wm. C. Brown, as an associate. The two managed both the editorial and financial departments of the paper on the responsibility of Mr. Lummus for twenty-one months, when he was relieved by the Wesleyan Association.

The first editors employed by the Association were Wm. C. Brown, layman, and Timothy Merritt of the New England Conference. They also managed the agency. Bro. Merritt went to New York in 1832 and was assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* for four years. After Mr. Merritt left, David F. Ela, was for a short time the agent. Soon, however, Shipley W. Willson, and S. Osgood Wright, both of the New England Conference, were made the editors and they managed the agency. Mr. Wright resigned his place and became a martyr for benighted Africa. Then Benj. Kingsbury Jr. became the financial agent, and after the retirement of Mr. Willson managed both departments until 1836. When Judge Kingsbury retired, Wm. C. Brown, became the editor, a position which he held for quite a number of years. Brother Brown's long term of service was during the height of discussion on slavery. Arguments were thick on both sides and personalities were frequently too heavy. Some thought that too much severe discussion was allowed.

It is proper to say that the sole responsibility did not rest with the editor. Always during his last term of service, and also previous and subsequent to it, the Association was consulted as to the propriety of publishing articles of this class. This was highly proper.

At this late day, I may tell a "tale out of school." I know that Bro. Brown was severely censured for rejecting articles which the Association would not accept. The greatest offense that he ever gave, and to the largest number of persons, was for rejecting a very long communication, which was objectionable on account of many personalities and misrepresentations. With the public he assumed the entire responsibility of the rejection, while at the same time he might have said that the Directors of the Association had voted to exclude the article. I am sure it would accord with the verdict of the men of Suffolk County, who have so long kept him in a position requiring a high degree of caution and discretion.

David F. Ela, nominally succeeded Judge Kingsbury in the financial department of the HERALD; the business however was conducted by the gentleman who officially succeeded him.

The history of the editors and agents, from that time to the present, is too well known to require any remark. I wish, however, to say that Franklin Rand deserves a high compliment. I have a thorough understanding with his "surviving friend" who says that he selected Brother Rand when he was young and unacquainted with business, prepared him for the work and then resigned the agency in his favor, because he thought he would make a first class agent; and he has not been disappointed. He says that Frank was prudent, industrious, and intelligent in his business. He was a man of one work, and that was to promote the interest of the HERALD. He served a whole generation nobly.

"Surviving friend" says that your opinion of D. F. Ela, is correct: he was eminently a man of sweet and companionable spirit; still brother Rand was a better man for the agency than he or the "surviving friend."

Thus far all right, but when you assert that brother Rand was the most successful of all the agents, it is proper to raise a doubt. It must be remembered that some managed under greater difficulties than he ever knew. Aaron Lummus had no association to back him. Solomon Sias was a wise, prudent, and industrious man. I suppose he did well.

And last, but not least, Daniel Webb of the New England Conference, was the agent when ZION'S HERALD was sold to the Book Concern. Just think of him in the days when Methodism was only a "little one," making the HERALD, less than six years of age, worth ten thousand dollars! No man must have a higher credit than Father Webb, till his claim is proved.

When the HERALD was sold Daniel Webb went into the regular work; Barber Badger went with the paper to New York, to be one of the editors of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* and ZION'S HERALD.

I want to say much more, but must close, lest I trespass on space.

## The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

**PLUMS AND CURCULIOS.** — Of late years it has been almost impossible to raise plums because of the ravages of the little "Turk" who is quite likely to make his mark upon every fruit that sets. Many remedies have been recommended but most of them have proved failures. Of all those we have tried, the use of air-slacked lime thrown into the tree when wet either from the dew or rain, or the use of whitewash applied with a large syringe, or in some other way by which the fruit would be entirely covered with the lime, have proved the best. Most all fruit growers have abandoned this fruit, because of the difficulty of preserving it from its persistent enemy, and because of the warts that make their appearance on the trees, and after a time destroy them. We have never counted plums among the most valuable for the dessert, but if there are persons who wish to raise them, they must make up their mind to fight vigorously all enemies.

**MILKING.** — This operation should be performed in the shortest possible time, in order to secure the best results. Care should also be taken to get all the milk. The milker should see that no dirt or filth of any kind finds its way into the milk pails. In order to secure the best success in cream, or butter, all the operations connected with the milk from first to last, should be managed in the neatest manner possible. Butter made by those known to be neat in all their habits, will be relished by the purchaser, who will be willing to pay a higher price for such an article, than for an ordinary grade of butter, such as can be found in abundance.

Let every one resolve to make the very best of butter.

**WEEDS.** — At this season of the year there will be weeds almost everywhere, in the field among the crops, by the roadside, and along the railroads. Many of these weeds will be such, that if they are allowed to ripen, their seeds will be of great damage, not only to owners on whose premises they grow, but to the neighbors, for they have wings, and are wafted hither and thither by every wind that blows. Now let every owner of land see that no such weeds are allowed to grow, or mature their seed on his premises, or opposite his lands. Mow them down if they cannot be dug up, and keep them down, so that they will not ripen any seed. Among all hoed crops we recommend frequent hoeings, for no farmer can afford to grow weeds, and in addition, the crops will be greatly benefited by the hoeings. Run the cultivator often, and do all the work possible by horse power, which is much cheaper than hand labor. Weeds that have not gone to seed can be fed to pigs, or placed in heaps and left to decay and enrich the soil.

**ASHES ON CORN.** — When it is possible to procure a quantity of ashes, we like to put a little round the field corn, at the first hoeing. There is no better fertilizer than ashes, and a little so applied seems to give the corn a great start. It is possible that other manures so applied would answer a good purpose, but we believe none would be found to be better than ashes.

**WHITE WEED.** — We observe on some farms that fields are white with this plant, and that there is little grass found growing among it. In such cases we recommend the early cutting of the same, certainly as soon as it is fairly in bloom. If so cut horses and cows will eat the most of it, while if it is left to mature its seed, it becomes a nuisance, and the cattle will not eat the stalks.

**FIELD CORN.** — At the last hoeing of this crop, the plants not needed should be pulled out. Some recommend leaving five in each hill, while others insist that three plants are better. Now much depends on the way in which the land has been prepared for the crop, whether highly manured or not. On land only manured in the hill, and not very stoutly at that, we say three plants or stalks are all we should leave, while on the other hand, if the land has been heavily manured and the plants stand well apart, leave four certain, and in some hills five, and it will do well. We like to thin out corn before the plant gets to be so large that in pulling some we start out others, and so injure their growth. Then it is always a good plan to get the hoeing all done before haying-time comes on.

## The Righteous Dead.

May 25, in Kingfield, Me., Bro. THOMAS HORN, aged nearly 75 years.

Bro. Horn was a native of Northamptonshire, England, removed with his family to America in 1832, and settled in Kingfield, where he has since resided. He found Jesus his Saviour fifty-four years ago, and has since been a bold soldier of the cross. For several years a leader of the class in K., he was faithful to his work, "ever ready to give a reason for the hope that was in him." God owned his servant; he was indeed a shining light in the community.

When first attacked with his last sickness, he told his friends his work was done — he was going home. So it proved. Just before he died, when visited by some of his brethren, he requested the writer to sing the words, "No chilling winds nor poisonous breath," etc.; and while we sang, he broke out in shouts of triumph through Jesus, and as we knelt in prayer by his bed, it seemed the very gate of heaven. The fathers in Israel are talking. God raise up others to fill their places, and carry on the work. Amen.

P. E. NORTON.

Died, in Portsmouth, N. H., June 27, ANNA L., wife of W. F. Laighton, U. S. N., and granddaughter of Rev. Joseph Walton, aged 64 years.

Sister Laighton experienced religion, and united with the M. E. Church, in this place, under the labors of Rev. Reuben H. Deming, in 1834. She was an exemplary Christian, and much respected and beloved. Possessed of a good mind and amiable disposition, she was a woman of influence in the society. Her house was always

open to the preachers, with whom she had a pleasant and extensive acquaintance. Bishop Ames shared her generous hospitalities at the last session of the New Hampshire Conference held in Portsmouth. During her protracted illness of ten years (from a paralytic stroke), she was remarkably patient and resigned, though at times depressed in spirit, from the nature of her disease, which affected her brain, and led to insanity. A short time before her death, she was quite rational, and gave clear evidence that her hope in Jesus, which had cheered her in other days, was still precious. Her deeply bereaved husband and daughter have received the sympathy and prayers of this Church. Long will her memory be cherished. Her benevolence, and cheerful activity in doing good, will be greatly missed. But "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." C. M. DIMMICK.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 1, 1870.

Sister ABIGAIL C., wife of David Pierce, departed this life, May 3, 1870, aged 63 years, 7 months, and 23 days.

For many years, she had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church. Her fervent prayers and earnest appeals were always listened to with much interest. Her place can hardly be filled in the Sabbath-school, where she was very useful, and much loved. Though suffering severely, in her last days, yet, with calm trust in God, she welcomed the King of Terrors with a smile, while the angels came down and bore her happy spirit home. M. E. K.

Southport, Me.

Mrs. G. M. EDWARDS died in Lincoln, June 16, aged 61 years. Sister Edwards experienced religion in early life, and devoted her days to the service of God. A few days before her death, she remarked to the writer, "My life has been one of toil." As a result of that labor, in part, the Church is blessed with several interesting Sabbath school books, of which she was the authoress. While we feel that the Church has met with a great loss in the death of our sister, we rejoice to believe that she is enjoying that rest with the Church triumphant which her pen has so often, and so beautifully described. M. D. MATHEWS.

Lincoln, July 1, 1870.

The following notice of our departed sister has also been sent us by Rev. G. R. Palmer: —

The name of Mrs. C. M. EDWARDS must now be stricken from THE HERALD'S list of contributors, and be recorded upon its "roll of honor." That familiar name may appear no more in THE HERALD, but our Sabbath-school books and the temperance literature of the land will still make it a household word.

Sister Edwards felt much like the late lamented standard-bearers of the Church. Scarcely had the last period of her last work been made, and the prompt pen been dropped from her weary hand, before she commenced a work that never waxes. — a work that has no finish. — "Ascriptions to the Lamb."

Her energy of soul continued to the last, as all will attest who saw her faltering footsteps, and heard her thrilling words at the last quarterly meeting. Her obedient pen did not outdo her eloquent tongue. She was accustomed to address Sabbath-schools in and out of the State, and making no parade of the "rights" of her sex, moved forward as though she believed the world would soon grant that woman has the same right to speak of the untold beauties of the Lord Jesus, as to talk upon any other subject.

She lived in a pleasant, but retired spot, four miles from Lincoln village. Many of the preachers will remember the large gate at the entrance of the yard, and the long row of cherry-trees that crown the wall from the road to the house. Their rich burden of fruit in autumn symbolizes the fruit of our sister's life. The fruit upon the limbs that project over the wall, and droop toward the pathway, offering the first taste to the visitor, symbolizes the foretaste she had plucked from the tree of life, whose limbs droop over the eternal wall, and, with tiring motion, reach out their ripe fruit to the pilgrim in the pathway of mortal life.

In her retired home, she often longed for the society of Christian workers, and to none will the companionship of heaven be more welcome. May consoling grace be given to her family, while they listen to the sermon of power preached by her death.

Bro. JONAS B. WILLIS, of Gorham, N. H., departed this life March 25, aged 60 years and 7 months. Thirty-one years since he sought and found the Saviour, who was with him to support and give him the victory, as he passed over the flood to his eternal rest beyond. He was a devoted member of the M. E. Church, in whose welfare he took more interest in his last days than ever before. For years his health had been failing, and yet he kept in active life until a week before his death, which was very sudden to his dear family and the Church, all of whom deeply feel his loss, yet know that for him death was gain. In the last hours of his life on earth, as his pastor and dear wife and children gathered around him and asked him if Christ was precious to his soul, he answered, "Yes;" and when told he was dying, he said, "I am ready," and in the words of the wise man of old, he said to his children, "Fear God, and keep his commandments;" and then embraced them for the last time until they all met in that land where death shall no more divide them. It was the request of Bro. Willis that his family should sing one of the songs of Zion, aided by an instrument, as he passed over the river, which solemn duty God gave them strength to perform until his happy spirit rose above the melodies of earth, to join in the song of the blessed angels on the throne.

H. B. McREHILL.

Saccharappa, June, 1870.

Passed to the higher life, May 31, 1870, BENJAMIN SNOW, of Bucksport, aged 61 years. For thirty-three years Bro. Snow was an active member of the M. E. Church, filling, for most of the time, the office of class-leader and steward. During the last months of his sickness, he suffered exceedingly, but leaned upon the arm of the great Physician, whom he ever felt was near to sustain and comfort him. A few days before his death he was visited by the writer, and as we sang that beautiful hymn, "On the banks beyond the stream," and knelt at his bed in prayer, his soul seemed to triumph in the God of his salvation, enabling him to say, "To live is Christ, but to die will be gain." Though absent from loved ones, they are comforted with the assurance that he rests from all his sufferings with the pure and good just over the river. E. W. HUTCHINSON.

Bucksport, June 29.

Sister JANE CORBIN died in Somerville, Mass., on the 28th day of June, 1869, after a lingering and painful illness, throughout which she gave the most unmistakable evidence of being sustained by the consolations of Divine grace. Converted in the old Richmond Street Church, in Boston, her whole subsequent life was such as to recommend the religion of the meek and holy One. Mild and gentle in her conversation and manner, charitable and forgiving toward all, self-sacrificing and generous in her impulses, she won the love and confidence of all who knew her, and seemed never so happy as when ministering unto others. T. S.

Departed in peace, May 29, Capt. JOHN HARDY, of New Vineyard, aged 71 years.

Bro. Hardy was converted under the labors of Rev. E. Robinson, in 1824, and remained faithful till death. For more than forty years he served as class-leader, and was esteemed as a valuable citizen and a devoted Christian. S. ALLEN.

June, 1870.

ADAM WHEELER died in Mendon, June 14, aged nearly 80 years. For over forty years he has been a consistent Christian, and a pillar in the Church. Although for about a year he has been nearly helpless, physically, and mentally weakened, by a stroke of paralysis, yet Christ and His cause were his great themes to the last. The companion of nearly sixty years still lives in patient waiting for the summons to join him on the other shore. J. W. COOLIDGE.

Mendon, June 1870.



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## The Secular World.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

There seems to be good authority for the statement that Secretary Fish is to retire from the Cabinet. The President is very anxious, however, for him to remain.

An extra executive session of the Senate is anticipated.

The day fixed for the election of members of Congress is the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. The first elections, under this bill, will be held in 1873.

There is no foundation for the rumor that Minister Bancroft was to be recalled.

Attorney-General Hoar surrendered his office to Mr. Ackerman on the 9th.

A general Indian war is feared.

The Naturalization Bill has been killed for this session.

The condition of the Navy has been severely commented on in the Senate.

Since July came in, the temperature has been quite moderate. The Fourth was cool and delightful. There were heavy rains on the evening of the 7th.

A fire broke out in Manchester, N. H., on the morning of the 8th, and raged with unabated fury for three hours, destroying Masonic Temple, Baptist Church, American Hotel, a printing-office, and several blocks of stores and houses, to the value of some half a million. Hundreds of families were rendered homeless, and many important branches of industry are broken up.

The President signed the Currency Bill on the 8th inst.

The following appropriations for New England rivers and harbors have been made: The River and Harbor Bill, which passed the House, and goes to the President for his approval, contains appropriations for improvements of harbors and rivers in New England States, amounting in the aggregate to \$327,500. The appropriations in detail are as follows: Connecticut River, \$40,000; New Haven Harbor, \$15,000; Providence River, R. I., \$5,000; Pawtucket River, R. I., \$3,000; constructing breakwater at Block Island, R. I., \$30,000; for preservation and improvement of Boston Harbor, \$100,000; Hyannis Harbor, \$12,000; Taunton River, \$4,000; Merrimack River, \$25,000; Kennebec River, Me., \$5,000; Saco River, Me., \$10,000; Portland Harbor, Me., \$10,000; Kennebec River, Me., \$15,000; for improvement of navigation at the Gut, opposite Bath, Me., \$10,000; Union River, Me., \$15,000; Penobscot River, Me., at Bangor and below, \$15,000; Westport Harbor, Ct., \$2,500.

The President has handed to the Senate a lot of documents concerning the wrongs of American citizens in Cuba. Secretary Fish is trustful of the willingness of Spain to correct abuses and recompense sufferers.

It is reported that the President is considering the expediency of sending Wendell Phillips Minister to England!

## FRANCE.

The action of Spain in reference to Prince Hohenzollern has created great excitement in France. The Prince's name is Leopold; he is a Roman Catholic, according to the convenient arrangement by which German princes may take any religion that circumstances demand. He is about 35 years of age. France looks upon the affair as a Prussian interference, though Prussia denies that she did anything to procure the offer; yet should the Prince be elected, she is determined to support him. There is talk of an alliance between France and Austria in opposition to Spain and Prussia, and

it is said the advice of the Czar has been asked by France. The tone of the English press is conciliatory. The Times denies that England favors the pretensions of Leopold; and the Standard hopes the attitude of France will cause a recall of the Prince's name. War will certainly ensue, if Spain persists, and it is said Leopold's election is certain, should the question be submitted.

Austria has proclaimed her intention to keep out of the controversy. Belgium, however, is likely to be drawn into it.

## ITALY.

The final vote on the infallibility section of the schema is to be taken this week, and the dogma is to be proclaimed on the 17th with magnificent ceremony.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The German tailors introduced into Cork have struck, and joined the Irish.

## CHINA.

The Chinese in Pekin have risen on the French residents and massacred them, including the Consul. Several other foreigners were victims, but the French appear to have specially excited the ire of the natives. The Roman Catholic cathedral was sacked and demolished in the conflict. France is determined to have satisfaction, and she is sustained by other powers.

## NEWS NOTES.

Subscription-papers are being circulated in England for a fund in aid of the families of the officers and sailors of the ill-fated *Orelia*. Sir John Lubbock, of London, heads the list.—The Education Bill is still before the British Parliament.—The garrisons at Quebec and Halifax are to be retained.—The mental and bodily vigor of Mr. Bright is completely restored.—The Court of Sessions of Edinburgh has rendered judgment requiring Forester, the Glasgow bookseller, to pay £500 damages for selling the American edition of Tennyson's poems.—The Iowa Falls and Sioux City Railroad was completed last week, bringing Dubuque and Sioux City in direct communication.—All the Chinamen in Paris, fearing the anger of the populace on account of the recent massacres in Pekin, have carefully kept within doors; but owing to the Spanish affair, the news from China created but little sensation.

BISMARCK AGAIN AHEAD.—Napoleon must see, by this time, who is his chief enemy. Bismarck has got a prince of the royal blood of Prussia, though not of the reigning house, nominated King of Spain. Prince Hohenzollern is the puppet that astute politician puts upon the board. It means Prussia flanking France. Having pushed Austria out of Germany, and absorbed all the race in one military power, that sick statesman now proceeds to gobble up Spain also. It is a strange event,—a Protestant king for the most Catholic of countries. It is a stranger revenge, the Catholic Kings of Spain, as Emperors of Germany, having ruled and harried the very lands which now send forth a ruler for their palaces and peoples. Napoleon rages, and threatens war. Bismarck is cool, and lets him rage. The Rhine may be the field where the Spanish crown is settled. But behind Bismarck and Napoleon, the event puts on the features of a Providence. If it succeeds, Spain wheels steadily into line as a free and non-Papal power. It may fall, but what Prim and Bismarck agree upon, Napoleon will have hard work to prevent.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—We believe that there are many who would gladly join this Society, who do not do so because there is no Auxiliary in their midst. Such should either form an Auxiliary, or join the Society, by sending their names and one dollar for annual, or twenty dollars for life membership, to Mrs. Thomas A. Rich, 706 Tremont Street, Boston.

ECHO GROVE: LYNN.—The Trinity Church, Charlestown, had a picnic at this Grove last week. All agree that it was the best place for the purpose in the vicinity of Boston.

After twenty years of uninterrupted prosperity, Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith have at last found that even their large manufactory, with all its labor-saving machinery, is wholly inadequate to furnish instruments fast enough to supply the demand. They have been compelled to add a sixth story to their building, in order to have the requisite work room. When this improvement is completed, they hope to be able to satisfy their agents and patrons,—for a time, at least.

Apart from this gratifying pecuniary success, they take special pride in thinking that their efforts to make the AMERICAN ORGAN the very best read instrument, are so generally appreciated. They will continue to use all available ingenuity and skill, to add new facilities for combination and expression, and, while they never rashly claim to have reached perfection, they will constantly strive for it.—*Boston Traveller*.

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BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the best book for everybody that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

## COLLEGE HONORS.

Princeton College, N. J. Commencement June 29. Honorary LL.D. on Gov. Hoffman, of New York, Horace A. Butthoff, of New Jersey, and Prof. Francis A. March, of Lafayette College.

D. D. on Rev. Everhard Kempshall, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Rev. William Blackburn, of the Northwest Theological Seminary.

Lafayette College, Pa. Commencement June 29. Honorary D. D. on President Randall, of Lincoln College, Pa., Rev. James L. Richards, of Philadelphia. Ph. D. on Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris.

Columbia College, New York. Commencement June 29. Honorary D. D., Rev. George M. Everhart, Louisville, Ky., Rev. S. Brayer Babcock, Dedham, Mass., and Rev. W. A. McNicker, New York. LL.D., Henry Nicoll, New York.

Bates College, Me. Commencement June 29. Honorary D. D. on Rev. Mr. Buckley, Missionary in India.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Commencement June 30. Honorary Ph. D. on Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College. D. D. on Rev. Basil M. Schumaker.

Hillsdale College, Mich. Commencement. Honorary D. D. on Rev. Richard Ingraham, of Halifax, England.

Hampden Sidney College, Va. Honorary D. D. on Rev. James Woodrow, of Columbia, S. C., and Rev. J. F. Shepperson, of Bedford County, Va.

Acadia College, Nova Scotia. Honorary D. D. on Rev. William F. Stubbart, of Bloomfield, N. J.

Lewisburg University, Penn., has conferred D. D. upon Rev. James B. Simmons, of New York, Rev. E. G. Taylor, of Chicago, and Rev. D. J. Yerkes, of Plainfield, N. J.

Hanover (Ind.) College has conferred D. D. upon Rev. S. C. Logan, of Scranton, Penn., Rev. S. F. Scovel, of Pittsburgh, Penn., and Rev. W. J. McKnight, of Danville, Ky.

## GOSSIPGRAPHS.

—One of William Penn's silver spoons, with his name engraved upon it, has been found, near Reedsville, Pa., by workmen who were digging a cellar.

—A couple in Iowa, who were agreed that they ought to be divorced, but could assign no legal cause, hit upon an ingenious plan. The wife consented to be beaten by her husband, and the castigation was duly administered before witnesses.

—Twenty applications for divorce a week is the average in Vigo County, Ind., which has 20,000 inhabitants. If they were all successful, it would require less than ten years to furnish a divorce to every man, woman, and child in the county.

—A new annexation daily, —the *Independent*, —is to be started in Montreal.

—They had a storm of snow and sleet in Scotland on the 19th of June, the day before the great hail-storm in this country.

—Quebec talks of turning Spencer Wood, the old vice-regal residence, into a public park. No private gentleman can afford to live there.

—The difference between "tinc. opii comp." and "liquor opii comp." coupled with the carelessness of a druggist, caused the death of a Brooklyn lady.

—The State Auditor of Illinois decides that the assessment of bank shares for purposes of taxation must be at their real market value, rather than at their par value.

The Wisconsin State Agent recently seized two and a quarter million feet of logs that had been cut by trespassers on lands that had been granted to a railroad.

—Artificial ice can be manufactured at a quarter of a cent a pound. It comes cheaper than that in the natural way.

—John Boston was arraigned in New Orleans for stealing chickens, but stoutly protested his innocence. "And you deny having taken the chickens, John?" asked the Court. "Hi, boss, sarin. I never tuk 'em." "But the officer says he found them in your possession." "Sar?" "You had them in your hands when arrested." "Yes, boss, but I didn't stole 'em." "How did you come by them?" "I borrowed 'em." "The owner says not." "Well, you see, boss, he was asleep when I went to borrow dem chicken, an' I didn't like to 'sturb him; so I just tuk 'em, an' was gwine back the next day to tell him."

—Pennsylvania will harvest about one half the average wheat crop in that State.

—There are 257 incorporated colleges in the United States.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

WHEATSALE PRICES. July 9, 1870.

Wheat.—Superfine, \$4.25 to 4.75; extra, \$3.25 to 3.75; Michigan, \$3.25 to 3.75; St. Louis, \$2.25 to 3.00. New Corn.—\$1.10 to 1.20; new mixed, \$1.05 to 1.15. Oats.—55 to 60c. Rye.—91 to 95c. Beans.—Timothy, Herds' Grass, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Red Top, \$3.75 per sack; R. I. Beet, \$2 to 2.50 per bushel; Clover, 16 to 18c. per lb. New Apples.—Per bushel, \$2.00.

Onions.—Bermuda Onions, 4jc. per lb. Potatoes.—\$23.00 to 34.00; Land, 16c to 17c; Maine, 19 to 20c. per lb.

Butter.—New Butter, 25 to 30c. per lb. Cheese.—Factory, 12 to 14c; Dairy, 10 to 13c. Eggs.—23c. a dozen.

Dried Apples.—8 to 12c. per lb. Hay.—\$13.00 to \$25.00 per ton, per cargo, \$23.00 to 27.00, per ton, per car load.

Potatoes.—\$1.12 to 1.25 per bushel. Beans.—Extra Peas, \$2.50 to 2.75; common, \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Strawberries.—20c. to 25c. per quart. Gooseberries.—\$4.00 to 4.50 per bushel. Blueberries.—20c. per quart.

Cranberries.—Per bbl. \$20.00 to 22.00. Oranges.—\$9.00 per box.

Lemons.—\$9.00 to 10.00 per box. Carrots.—\$1.25 per doz. bunches.

Beets.—57c. per doz. bunches. Turnips.—\$1.00 to 1.25 per doz. bunches.

Green Peas.—\$3.00 per bush. Maple Sugar.—12 to 13c. per lb.

REMARKS.—For the past few days Flour has been quiet. Little doing in Corn. Pork and Hams active. Smoked Hams advanced 1 cent per lb. Butter moving with fair life. Berries plenty and active. Beans dull.

## The Markets.

## BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

For the week ending Wednesday, July 6.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—Cattle, 2,317; Sheep and Lambs, 8,172; Swine, 3,390; number of Western Cattle, 2,389; Eastern Cattle, 104; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 225. Cattle left over from last week, —.

Beef Cattle.—Extra, \$13.50 to \$14.00; first quality, \$12.75 to \$13.25; second quality, \$11.25 to \$12.50; third quality, \$10.00 to \$11.00; poorest grades, \$8.00 to 10.00 per 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and Dressed Beef).

Brighton Hides.—7c. —c. per lb. Brighton Tallow.—6c. —c. per lb.

Country Skins.—4c. —c. each. Hides.—6c. —c. per lb. for country.

Tallow.—6c. —c. per lb. for country. Sheaved Sheep Skins.—25c. each.

Lamb Skins.—50 cents each. Wool Skins.—\$1.00 to \$2.00 per skin.

Sheep Skins.—\$1.50 to \$2.00 each. Calf Skins.—16c. —c. per lb.

Store Cattle.—With the exception of Working Oxen and Milch Cows, there are but a few Store Cattle in Market. Most of the small Cattle that are in a fair condition are bought up to slaughter.

Working Oxen.—The trade for Workers has been quiet for a few weeks past, and a few pairs each week are all that the Market requires. We quote sales at \$125, 173, 185, 205, 225, 245 per pair.

Milch Cows.—Extra, \$35 to \$45; ordinary, \$20 to \$30; Store Cows, \$25 to \$35 per head. Most of the Cows in Market are of a common grade. But a few Extra ones among them. Prices depend a great deal upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep and Lambs.—Nearly all the Western and Eastern Sheep and Lambs were taken at a Commission, or to slaughter and Market for droves. We did not hear of but one lot of Lambs being sold — 65 at \$4.75 per head. We quote prices — Extra and select lots, 6.50 to 8.00; ordinary, \$3.00 to 6.00 per head, or from 4 to 9 cents per pound.

Swine.—Store Pigs.—Wholesale, 11 to 15 cents per lb.; retail, —c. —c. per lb. Spring Pigs, wholesale, —c. —c. per lb.; retail, —c. —c. per lb. Coarse Shoals.—8c. —c. per lb. Fat Hogs—\$3.50 at Market. 10c. —c. per lb. There were but a few Store Pigs in Market, all of which were sold to one man at 11 cents per pound. There has not been much call for Store Pigs for the last few weeks.

REMARKS.—The supply of Cattle from the West was larger this week than has been brought from that section on any one week before for several months. Most of the Cattle were of ordinary grade, there being more poor ones in proportion to the number than has been brought from that section for some time. There were several hundred Texas Cattle among them. Prices upon the best grades of Beef were full as good, and in some instances higher prices were obtained for them than those of last week, but upon the poorer grades the decline has been equal to one-quarter to three-quarters of a cent per pound. The Cattle from Maine were mostly sold for Beef. There were but a few from the East or North this week that were very Extra.

## Marriages.

In Charlestown, June 23, by Rev. S. B. Sweetser, Frank Russell Smith to R. Ada Bartlett, both of Charlestown.

In Quincy, July 5, by Rev. S. Kelley, William Boyce, of Quincy, to Miss Annie M. Thayer, of Quincy.

In Amesbury, July 3, by Rev. L. P. Frost, Luther B. Blanchard to Mary Louisa Brewster, all of Westford; also, by the same, July 4, Frederic Fletcher to Sophia Wilson, all of Amesbury.

In Hudson, May 1, by Rev. L. S. Brewster, Wm. H. Le Folote, of New York city, to Miss Hattie E. Mason, of Hudson; also, June 18, Franklin E. Emery to Miss Helen M. Merrill, both of Hudson; also, July 2, James O. White to Miss Ella F. Mason, both of Hudson.

In Lincoln, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. M. D. Mathews, E. Duxan Page, of Burlington, to Miss Mary E. Springer, of Lincoln.

In Haverhill, Mass., June 1, by Rev. O. W. Scott, Newland Moulton to Miss Alice L. Fogg, both of H.; also, by the same, June 23, Kendall Jennison, esq., to Miss Gertrude J. Barrows, daughter of the late Rev. F. O. Barrows, of the N. H. Conference; also, by the same, July 2, Chandler M. Hayford, of Portsmouth, N. H., to Fannie C. Shaw, of Haverhill.

In Bowdoinham, Me., July 5, by Rev. F. C. Ayer, at the residence of the bride's father, Capt. Orin H. Worth, of the ship Charles H. Southard, to Miss Marcia A. Furlington, daughter of Capt. C. Furlington, all of Bowdoinham.

In Brunswick, Me., March 23, by Rev. Geo. C. Crawford, Geo. W. Carlton to Mrs. Sophronia F. O'Brien, of Brunswick; also, by the same, May 29, Galen Merryman to Miss Catharine P. Coombs, both of Brunswick; also, by the same, June 1, William R. Woodside to Miss Laura J. Marriener, both of Brunswick; also, by the same, July 3, Moses A. Rider, of Fownall, Me., to Miss Mary A. Coombs, of Harpswell, Me.; also, by the same, May 29, Eleanora Cobb to Miss Angie A. Dwyer, both of Brunswick.

In Buxton, July 2, by Rev. H. F. A. Patterson, Elbridge A. Fuller, of Gorham, to Miss Ella S. Spear, of Standish, Me.

In Gardiner, July 6, by Rev. W. M. Hubbard, Lyman M. Norton to Miss W. Scott, both of Gardiner.

In Randolph, June 20, by Rev. Charles K. Evans, Henry B. Merry, of Anson, to Harriet T. Williams, of Randolph.



In Manchester, Ct., July 4, by Rev. Geo. E. Fuller, John H. Couch, of Glastenbury, Ct., to Arabella Hills, of Manchester, Ct.  
In Lyman, N. H., June 18, by Rev. A. B. Russell, Henry Quincy to Miss Lizzie H. Clement, both of Landaff.  
In Bow, N. H., June 30, by Rev. A. C. Manson, Rev. William O. Bennett, of the N. H. Conference, to Miss Miriam S. Colby, of Bow; also, at the same time and place, George W. Plummer, esq., of Guilford, to Miss Jennie E. Colby, of Bow.  
In Portsmouth, July 4, by Rev. C. M. Dinmore, William H. Spinney, of Raymond to Miss Eliza A. Magrow, of Portsmouth.

#### Deaths.

In this city, June 30, Esther D., wife of Rev. Amos Kildor, of West Unity, N. H., aged 64 years.  
In Peabody, June 18, David Putnam, aged 90 years.  
In Chicago, July 2, Henry B. Phillips, aged 61 years.  
In Danbury, N. H., July 6, Frank Kilworth, son of Jeremiah and Lucinda Chase, aged 5 years, 9 months, and 12 days.

"God, walking over starry spheres,  
Did clasp his little hand,  
And led him, through a host of tears,  
Into the mystic land."

#### Business Letters Received to July 9.

P. F. Bates, J. T. Bates, E. Brown, J. M. Broadhead, J. M. Bridge, A. G. Button, J. W. H. Cromwell, V. A. Cooper, C. J. Clark, A. O. Corbin, W. J. Clifford, S. M. Dutton, F. E. Emarich, P. Daniel Furgason, A. C. Geer, J. P. Greeley, R. M. Monroe, W. W. Marsh, G. W. Norris, Z. A. Nichols, C. W. Powers, J. H. Pillsbury, E. B. Russell, Chas. E. Rogers, S. J. Robinson, D. J. Smith, E. A. Smith, E. S. Taber, R. H. Wilder, A. H. Witham, Chas. M. Winchester.

#### Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters received from July 2 to July 9.  
N. S. Arey, J. R. Arvan, W. R. Burnham, W. D. Bridge, A. N. Bonelot, E. Burlington, Geo. M. Barber, C. Beale, J. Collins, A. C. Coult, N. Chamberlin, M. Delano, E. R. Drummond, R. P. Esley, E. C. Farrington, T. L. Fowler, J. H. Fletcher, N. Hobart, W. Haskell, C. R. Jordan, W. Johnson, A. B. Lovewell, W. V. McLaughlin, Marston & Prince, J. W. Mowry, E. Martin, R. P. Parker, W. H. Reed, E. A. Ramsdell, H. B. Shaw, I. G. Sprague, A. R. Sylvester, E. Sanborn, C. H. Stevens, W. V. Stocum, E. R. Thorndike, A. Turner, A. W. Weeks.  
JAMES P. MAHER, Agent, 35 Bromfield St., Boston.

#### Church Register.

#### HERALD CALENDAR.

Hamilton Camp-meeting begins Aug. 16, closes Aug. 24.  
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 22.  
Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.  
Hedding Camp-meeting, Aug. 23, N. H., begins Monday, Aug. 29.  
Williamson Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.  
Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Aug. 30.  
Kennebunk Camp-meeting, Aug. 26.  
Rockland District Ministerial Association, Rockport, Me., July 18.  
Bath Camp-meeting, Sept. 5.  
Springfield District Camp-meeting, Hatfield, Aug. 29.  
Kearse Camp-meeting, Wilmet, N. H., Sept. 5.  
Yarmouth Camp-meeting commences Aug. 9.  
East Poland Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.  
Hedding Camp-meeting, Aug. 16.  
East Machias Camp-meeting, Aug. 22.  
Lyndon Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.  
Charleston, Me., Camp-meeting, Sept. 12.  
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.  
Camp-meeting at Windsor, Aug. 22.

#### POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. N. A. Soule, Charlton City, Mass.  
Rev. Isaac Lord, Biddford, Me.

#### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

New Bedford District - Second Quarter.  
July - Chatham, 30, 31; E. Harwich, 31; S. Harwich, etc., 31.  
August - Orleans, 1; Eastham, 2; Nantucket, 6, 7; Barnstable, 10; S. Yarmouth, 17; Middleboro', 20, 21; S. Middleboro', 27, 28; Carver, 28.  
September - Provincetown Centre, 1; Centenary, 2; S. Turo, 3, 4; Wellfleet, 4, 5; Wausett, 6; Allen St., 9; Edgartown, 10, 11; Holmes's Hole, 12; Chilmark, 13; N. Shore, 14; County Street, 15; Pocasset, 17, 18; W. Falmouth, 18; Fourth St., 19; Pleasant St., 20; Fairhaven, 22; Acushnet, 24, 25; Long Plain, etc., 26; Marion, 26.  
N. E. - District Steward's Meeting, Aug. 15, in Presiding Elder's tent.  
W. F. HARLOW.

The Camp-meeting at East Livermore will commence Monday, Sept. 5, and close on Saturday morning, Sept. 10.

Additional arrangements will be made for accommodation, involving considerable expense. There are no funds on hand for the purpose. It is suggested that a fund be raised on loan, to be returned with interest as soon as may be. Several have pledged from five to ten dollars each for the purpose; others willing to assist in the matter may forward their names and the amount, to J. W. Haden, of Livermore Falls, the treasurer of the Camp-meeting Association. Will the preachers on the District call attention to this matter?  
Geo. WENNER, for the Association.

VERMONT CONFERENCE SEMINARY. - ANNIVERSARY Exercises, July 17-20.  
Sunday, 10 o'clock A. M., Annual Sermon in M. E. Church, by Rev. H. W. Worthen, A. M., with Address to Graduating Classes, by the Principal.  
Tuesday and Wednesday, Examination of Classes.  
Tuesday, at 5 o'clock P. M., Address before the Methodist Society, in Seminary Chapel, by Rev. H. W. Warren, A. M., of Charleston, Mass.  
Wednesday, 6 o'clock P. M., Laying of Corner-stone of the Seminary Building.  
Wednesday, 7 o'clock P. M., Rhetorical Exercises of the Graduating Class, in Seminary Chapel.  
Montpelier, July 17, 1870. S. F. CHESBROUGH.

The District Stewards for Readfield District will meet at the Camp-ground, at East Livermore, on Wednesday, Sept. 7.

The District Stewards for the Rockland District are requested to meet at the Camp-meeting, in Windsor, Aug. 24, and at Northport, Aug. 31.

#### Business Notices.

Our Town records, duplicate registers, mortgages, and other valuable papers, are secure from fire or theft in the Union Safe Deposit Vault, 65 State Street, Boston.  
July 14, 61 1/2 22

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